

Le Flambeau
1917

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LE FLAMBEAU

1917



"THE LAND OF THE SKY"

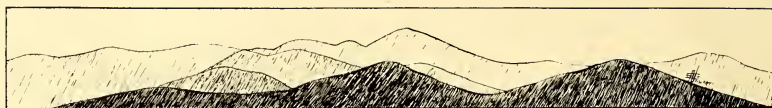


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SAINT GENEVIEVE'S



Dedication



Oh spirit, strong enough, amidst all earthly strife,
To touch the topmost pinnacle of thought and aim,
Giving to us a noble school—its birth and life,
Fanning the sacred spark of learning into flame.

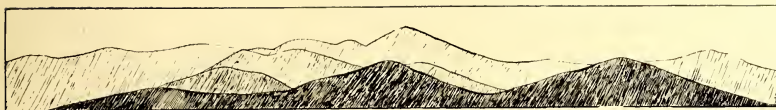


Thou art gone—bravely, firmly, we uphold the Cause,
To Thee we dedicate this book, symbol of love,
And pray that listening, watching o'er us, thou dost pause
Bestowing holiest blessings from above.

MARGARET LINN, Acad., Special.







A Retrospect

GREAT oaks from little acorns grow," and so has it been with our cherished Alma Mater.

Saint Genevieve's — College, Lycée, Academy, Grammar School— a child of but nine short years. "Impossible!" you will say. Nay, not so!



On January sixth, 1908, our late beloved Mother Deplanck, with a small band of faithful sisters, planted the tiny seed and a new institution introduced itself into Asheville's educational ranks. Twenty-two pupils were the first fruits of the opening day; but ere three months had flown by, the school house on Starnes Avenue had already become too small for the ever-increasing enrollment.

Parents, attracted by the sweet dignity and scholarship of the devoted Religious, were soon eagerly anxious to confide their daughters to such benign influence; and, wonder of wonders! a new house had to be rented even before the close of school that year to accommodate the various classes.

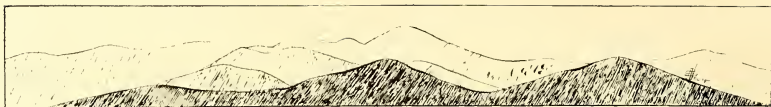
And thus in May, 1908, all moved to Hillside Convent, as the new building on

Broadway was now called, in memory of the old foundation by that name in England. Here it was that the first Commencement Exercises were held.

During the following holiday months, a steady influx of pupils was noticeable at the Summer School conducted by these tireless instructors of Hillside fame, the Sisters of Christian Education. So well did they succeed that on the reopening of school, the next September, their labors were crowned by a most extraordinary increase—the enrollment being trebled and soon quadrupled. Of course, additional teachers now had to be secured and Reverend Mother spared no efforts to obtain the very best. We find them coming from England and the Continent. To supplement the already highly efficient register, lay professors, graduates of the leading U. S. colleges, were engaged and an excellent and competent staff was on hand to conduct us American girls along the intricate pathways of knowledge.



This year, too, was evidently equally as successful as the first, for lo! in September, 1909, a third house, the Colonial, adjoining Hillside, must needs be se-



cured and there the younger pupils were taught their A. B. C.'s and Rule of Three, the older ones remaining at the same building as before. 1909 likewise marks the founding of the College Department, which, in 1915, was recognized and given the right to confer degrees, although the first candidates for such were not presented until the following Scholastic Session.



In December, 1910, the Nuns realizing more and more the necessity of having additional commodious quarters, secured the beautiful Victoria Inn with its large campus and wonderful situation. Here, in January, 1911, the Hillside pupils were transferred. Although for some years the scholars of the lower grades still continued their work in town, later they, too, joined us. After long deliberation the name of Saint Genevieve, the patroness of Paris, was chosen as the future title of the combined schools. We were known as "Hillside" no longer; but the name, so replete with sweet souvenirs of the Old World and the New, was retained in one of our organizations.

In 1912, Washington Lodge, a most attractive home touching the school property, was purchased to be used as

the residence for the little boys who are accepted in the Grammar Department. In 1914, plans were completed for the building of a magnificent Auditorium and Chapel. Though these were interrupted on account of the war, we hope before many years have passed, to see their speedy realization under the efficient direction of our dear Superior, Reverend Mother Lorin.

As Saint Genevieve's became better known, pupils arrived from many states—New York, Texas, Michigan, Florida, and even England and Cuba, as well as all points in between, were well represented—a most cosmopolitan gathering indeed! And still we kept on growing!

In 1915, a new department was added, that of Saint Genevieve's Lycée. Here one sees a veritable corner of sunny France transported into our midst. The lessons are given and recited in French. When the pupils feel they are almost Parisiennes themselves and can "parler" in that tongue to their heart's content, they are rewarded with the diploma of L'Alliance Française.

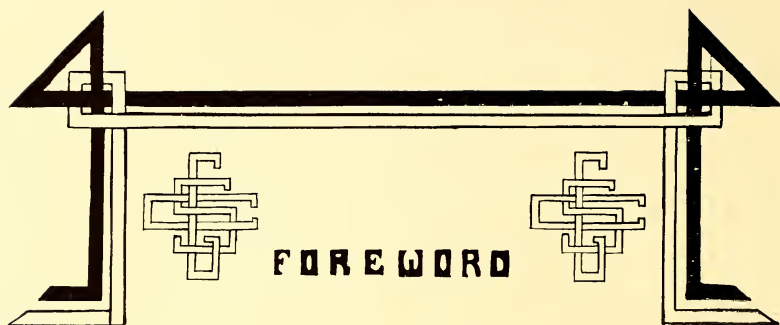


Thus the development of our own Saint Genevieve's goes on. Judging by past achievements, what may not the future years bring forth?

F. HILL, B. A., '16.



THE WATCH OF ST. GENEVIEVE

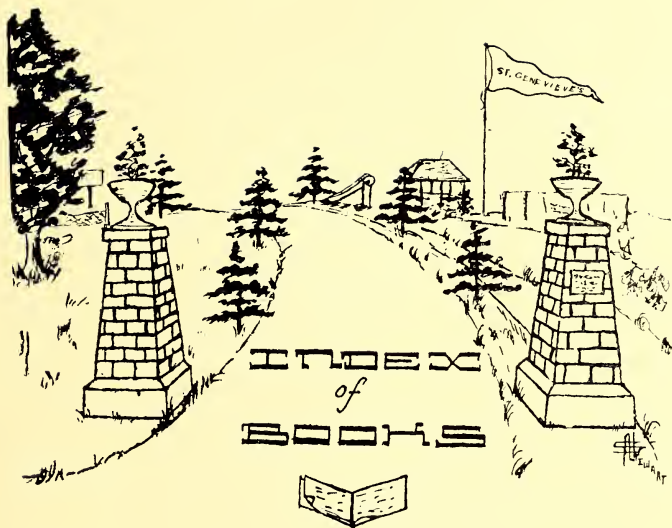


WE, the editors of "Le Flambeau," launch this first edition with the hope that it will convey to some extent the school life at St. Genevieve's. That a year book might be published has been the ardent desire of the students for several years. We therefore deem it a great privilege to be able to pilot "Le Flambeau" through its infancy by sending the first number to press.

Solomon is not on the staff, therefore we do not aspire to please everyone, and we feel that it would require his sagacity to produce an annual entirely satisfactory.

We send "Le Flambeau" out to the world as a token of our love and esteem for our Alma Mater. If by this first volume the editors of 1918 are inspired to do something more worthy of St. Genevieve's, our efforts will not have been in vain. That "Le Flambeau" may continue "ad infinitum" is our most sincere wish.





BOOK I	-	-	-	-	-	CLASSES
BOOK II	-	-	-	-	-	SCHOOL LIFE
BOOK III	-	-	-	-	-	ORGANIZATIONS
BOOK IV.	-	-	-	-	-	HUMOR



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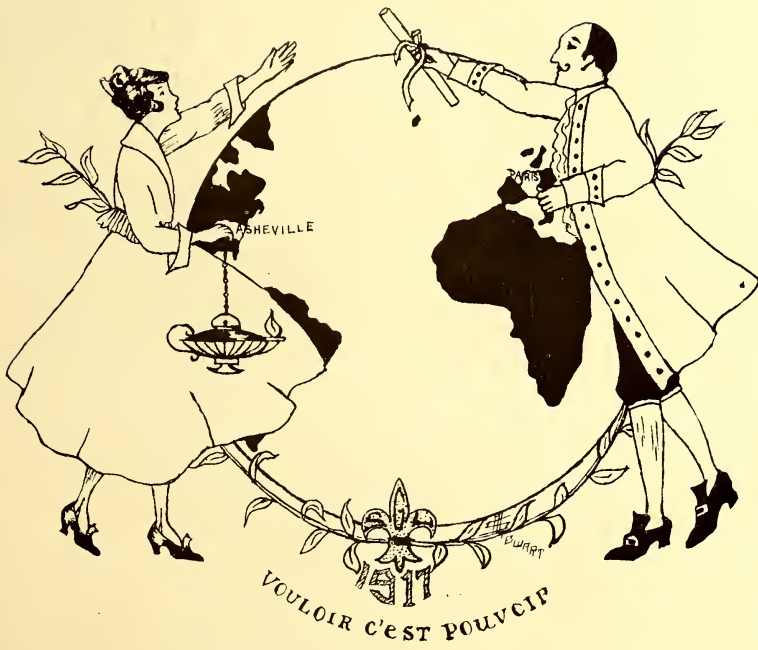
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LYCÉE





NORMA STEWART.

Greensboro, N. C.

President, Lycée, '17.

Art Editor, *Le Flambeau*, '17.

Class Historian.

Natural—Necessary—Notable—Norma.

Norma, whose artistic qualities have helped to produce this annual, showed by being elected president of the Lycée that her abilities lay not wholly on the easel.

Norma is noted for many things, among them puns—arguing—good looks and sarcasm.



FRANCES EUGENIA ARTZ.

FRANCES EUGENIA ARTZ.

Old Fort, N. C.

President, Tennis Club, '16.

Secretary, Entertainment Committee, '16.

Vice-President Lycée, '17.

Editor-in-Chief, Le Flambeau, '17.

Secretary, Schubert Club, '17.

College Counselor, Entertainment Committee, '17.

Frolicsome—Fricolous—Frenchy—Frances.

Although her humors are occasionally serious, Frances generally displays a gay, care-free nature, coveted by all her admirers—and she has many. This disposition found space for full play when she took the part of Touchstone at Commencement last year. The serious attitudes we are tempted to consider as feigned for they are always at most opportune times when results are most advantageous.

DOROTHY JOSETTE MORAN.

Atlanta, Ga.

Associate Editor, Le Flambeau, '17.

Class Prophet.

Dear—Deliberate—Dutiful—Dorothy.

From the outset Dorothy vied with Minerva, and during the second year in the Lycée so distinguished herself by her versatile knowledge that her classmates conferred upon her the scholarly name of "Sophie." Besides being thoroughly familiar with "La Littérature," "l'Histoire" and all ordinary subjects, she can discuss Darwin with the greatest ease and facility.



DOROTHY JOSETTE MORAN.



MARY HARKINS REEVES.

MARY HARKINS REEVES.

Asheville, N. C.

Treasurer, Lycée, '16.

Secretary, Schubert Club, '16.

Secretary, Lycée, '17 (1st Session).

Secretary, Alumnae, '17.

Assistant Business Manager, Le Flambeau, '17.

Modest—Matter-of-Fact—Methodical—Mary

Mary came to St. Genevieve's with her hair in pigtales and has been here ever since but more than once during her sojourn, her brilliancy and charm have brought her into the limelight. Mary has distinguished herself as a student and is liked by every one.

ANNE LODER PERRY.

Asheville, N. C.

Treasurer, Lycée, '17 (1st Session).

Associate Editor, Le Flambeau, '17.

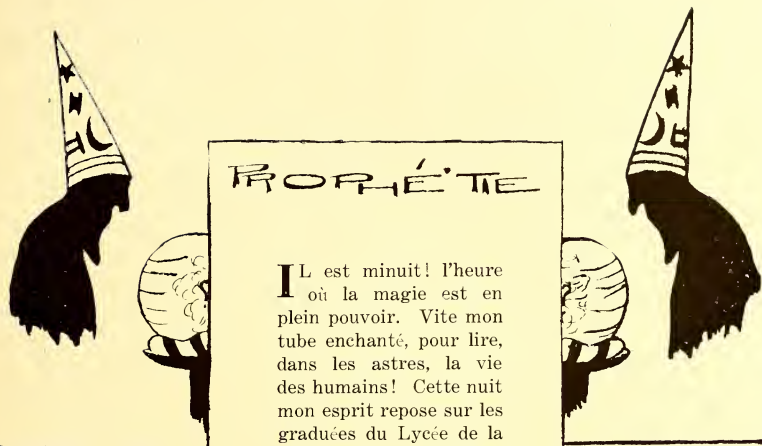
Admirable—Athletic—Audacious—Anne

That some of Anne's ancestors signed the Declaration of Independence is clearly shown by her dauntless nature. Her knowledge of history is undisputed and as College Treasurer she has proved herself a worthy financier.

Anne is very dignified but her laugh is very contagious—hence the looks of reproof from the Seats of the Mighty—the Faculty.



ANNE LODER PERRY.



IL est minuit! L'heure où la magie est en plein pouvoir. Vite mon tube enchanté, pour lire, dans les astres, la vie des humains! Cette nuit mon esprit repose sur les graduées du Lycée de la classe 1917, compagnes de ma jeunesse passée à Ste. Geneviève. Vingt

ans se sont écoulés depuis le jour mémorable où, ayant reçu chacune un diplôme précieux, nous nous sommes séparées, avec des larmes et des promesses de fidélité. Mais que leur est-il arrivé depuis, à ces compagnes d'autrefois? O habitants des cieux! témoins silencieux des événements de notre petite planète, révélez-moi la destinée de ces jeunes filles que j'aime toujours Mon cœur est agité d'une étrange crainte . . . l'esprit des voyants s'empare de moi . . . Il m'échauffe Il me parle

Mes yeux s'ouvrent sur des pays inconnus. Je vois des forêts sombres dans des régions montagneuses, . . . je vois des étendues glaciales—et des déserts brûlants. Je distingue une femme—C'est Norma! Elle étudie dans le grand livre du monde avec l'intention de revenir dans son pays natal pour établir une institution des beaux-arts pour les demoiselles. Tout à coup elle oublie sa noble résolution devant la poursuite de nombreux prétendants. Elle hésite entre un comte français, un émir égyptien, et un officier sans fortune qui veut l'emmener aux Philippines Mais les images commencent à s'obscurcir . . . Restez, chère Norma, laissez-moi voir si vous vous déciderez à fonder une famille, ou si

votre sort sera de rester vieille fille et de garder en Espagne les nombreux enfants de votre nièce Juanita.

Mais les paysages du vieux monde disparaissent . . . La capitale des Etats-Unis les remplace.—Dans le beau monde de cette ville j'aperçois . . . Anne! C'est la femme d'un homme d'état renommé qui doit en partie son succès à l'intelligence et aux efforts de son épouse. Pendant quelques mois de l'année, cette dame s'amuse bien au milieu des divertissements de la capitale. Puis, entre les "gaies" saisons de la ville, elle demeure dans son château de Sommerville, où elle continue de travailler à son Histoire de France. Les quinze volumes de ce grand ouvrage qui ont été déjà publiés, ont joué



d'un succès inouï et ont été couronnés par l'Académie française. Ah! Anne, prenez garde, ne laissez pas les honneurs de ce monde vous éblouir! Rappelez-vous toujours que la gloire passe comme la fumée.

Maintenant c'est la vie de Frances que j'aperçois... Et quelle vie étrange! D'abord, éprise du travail littéraire dont elle a goûté les joies en dirigeant un "annuaire" célèbre, elle publie son propre magasin, le "Dernier Cri." C'est une revue sur la mode pour les femmes frivoles. Elle mène une vie assez irrégulière jusqu'à ce qu'un grand accident la porte à se réformer: Un jour qu'elle dirigeait son Hudson sur une montagne à pic, en compagnie d'un prince italien, l'automobile s'est précipité dans l'abîme, le gentilhomme titré a trouvé la mort au fond du ravin, mais chose extraordinaire, Frances n'a pas reçu la plus légère blessure. Cet événement lugubre la dégoûta pour jamais des faux plaisirs du monde. Elle se prépare à entrer dans un ordre religieux de garde-malades. Là, se dit-elle, je donnerai mes soins surtout aux femmes pour réparer le mal que j'ai pu leur causer par mes publications malsaines.

Mais d'où vient ce grondement sourd comme le tonnerre? Il devient plus fort!... L'odeur de la fumée m'étouffe... Des coups de canon m'étourdissent... Des fusils éclatent... J'entends un piétinement sauvage de chevaux, des cris de combattants, les gémissements

navrés des mourants... Et puis, tout à coup ces échos d'une horrible guerre s'évanouissent. Une maison pauvre, paisible, surgit au milieu d'un bouquet d'arbres... Oh! c'est Mary qui la garde, Mary, l'ange du Lycée. Pendant la guerre précédente, elle a soigné des malades dans sa propre maison; de plus, elle a dépensé toutes ses richesses en aidant les veuves et les orphelins de la guerre. Maintenant, devenue veuve à son tour, elle passe sa vie en élevant ses enfants, petits soldats futurs, qui aiment par-dessus tout leur "Souveraine" si douce, aux grands yeux clairs où se découvrent tant de bonté mêlée à tant d'énergie.

Ah! Mary dans votre vie modeste, vous êtes bien la plus fortunée de toutes vos anciennes compagnes. Car, en formant le cœur de vos enfants, en leur inspirant le goût de la vertu et l'horreur du vice, votre âme est calme, heureuse, votre vie est utile et sainte....

* * *

Mais je ne vois plus rien! je n'aperçois plus ni paysages étrangers, ni société mondaine, ni champs de guerre!... Je contemple de nouveau le ciel parsemé d'étoiles, et je jouis du calme imposant de la nuit!... O astres silencieux, qui connaissez tous les secrets du monde, vous ne pouvez me dire si mes amies seront heureuses éternellement? Non! ni vous ni aucune puissance humaine ne peut prévoir comment elles termineront leurs jours. Car la fin des hommes, c'est le secret de Dieu!....

D. MORAN, Lycée, '17.



L'Histoire du Lycée, 1917

BIEN que l'histoire de la classe de 1917 se borne au court espace de deux années, elle est cependant assez remplie et j'oserais dire assez brillante. Brillante, dis-je? Oui, elle brille dans ce sens qu'elle se distingue des histoires de toutes les autres classes, sinon par son propre mérite, du moins à cause des circonstances qui ont accompagné sa création et préparé son succès.

A la nouvelle session de 1915-1916 nous étions cinq, et avec nous commença l'histoire du Lycée Ste. Geneviève. Dès sa naissance notre département reçut le nom de "Petit Coin de la belle France." C'était beaucoup d'ambition, car en vérité nous étions loin d'être Françaises. Les premiers mois du Lycée amenèrent avec eux un cortège d'ennuis, de déceptions, et de découragement. Toutes les leçons se donnaient en Français, pas un mot d'Anglais. La patience des pauvres maîtresses fut souvent mise à l'épreuve quand il fallait expliquer et réexpliquer sans pouvoir faire briller le flambeau de l'intelligence dans nos yeux mornes, où se reflétaient nos efforts impuissants. Faut-il donc s'étonner si

presque chaque jour l'une de nous décidait que c'était inutile de continuer, et disait: "Je ne vais pas revenir après les vacances." Mais la session suivante nous trouvait toutes assises devant nos pupitres. Les menaces n'étaient suivies d'aucun effet. Les tragédies de la Littérature française, les gouffres de la Géographie, les interjections de la Grammaire, les terreurs de l'Histoire de France, rien ne pouvait écraser notre ambition, ni anéantir notre amour pour le Lycée.

Au début de la première session, nous décidâmes de ne pas élire parmi nous d'officières spéciales, les membres du collège entier ayant une organisation générale. Mais quand la seconde année commença, une décision contraire amena l'élection de trois officières; nous voulions un emblème: la fleur-de-lis; une maxime: "Vouloir c'est pouvoir," et nos couleurs particulières qui sont: le mauve et le blanc.

Quoique l'année dernière nous ayons été bien éclipsées par les graduées du collège et presque oubliées au milieu des fêtes de Juin, cependant, quelques-unes



de nous se distinguèrent dans la courant de l'année dans des réunions littéraires, des parties athlétiques et surtout dans les pièces. Nous avons donné des représentations de "L'Avare," "La Pluie des Fleurs," et pour le jour des prix, la touchante tragédie de "Marie Stuart." Quelques-unes de nous furent chaleureusement applaudies. Nous avons encore des membres qui nous font honneur dans toutes les branches de la vie scolaire et comme nous n'avons pas de rivales cette année nous tenons le haut des rangs et les classes inférieures "lèvent le chapeau" en nous voyant passer!

Un des événements les plus importants de notre première année lycéenne fut la visite du secrétaire de l'Alliance Française, M. Delamare. Il n'était pas si redoutable que nous nous l'étions imaginé et nous avons bien joué de sa petite conférence privée. Une autre visite qui nous donna beaucoup de plaisir fut celle du Père Beaver. Bien que d'origine luxembourgeoise, il nous parla en Français très correct, nous encourageant et nous félicitant de notre bonne chance de recevoir une instruction telle que celle qui nous est donnée ici. Il nous laissa la pensée qu'un homme qui parle deux langues est deux fois homme. La visite de Mme. Guérin fut aussi un de nos plaisirs les plus goûtés. Avec l'aide de sa fille, Mlle. Raymonde, elle donna Jeanne d'Arc et Marie Antoinette, deux conférences historiques à la fois très intéressantes et instructives. Et pouvons-nous jamais oublier les affaires de la Sororité? Les costumes bizarres, les chansons étranges, la chèvre mystéri-

euse? . . . Et les visites au théâtre, les diners et les danses aux hôtels de Battery-Park et de Grove-Park! Que de divertissements agréables sont venus égayer notre vie de pensionnaire sans parler des belles promenades dans les montagnes qui nous ont valu de bien douces jouissances.

La fin de l'année s'approche. Bientôt nous aurons entendu pour la dernière fois la cloche de 6:15 nous appelant au lever matinal. Nous regrettons de quitter ces lieux aimés où nous avons travaillé avec assiduité et constance. Toutes nous emportons le désir de profiter de cette science acquise au prix de tant de labeur personnel joint au travail infatigable de nos maîtresses. Combien nous leur gardons de reconnaissance pour les soins dévoués dont elles nous ont entourées. Puisse leur zèle être récompensé par l'acquisition d'une nouvelle classe qui leur donne toute la satisfaction qu'elles méritent en retour de leurs efforts. A cette classe de 1918 nous souhaitons la persévérance, le succès, et aussi le bonheur de jouir pleinement de tous les plaisirs qui s'attachent à la vie du Lycée. Nous les avons ressentis avec enthousiasme et nous les abandonnons avec un vif regret. Souvent nous reviendrons en esprit dans ce charmant coin de Ste. Geneviève, et, avant de lui dire adieu, nous formons des vœux ardents pour que la Providence nous procure la joie d'y revenir quelquefois en personne; c'est le vif désir des cinq Lycéennes au moment de quitter une retraite de choix pour se lancer dans le vaste monde et commencer leur carrière sociale.

N. STEWART, Lycée, '17.



A COLLEGE GROUP

College Days

The glad thoughts spring
 To greet each day,
 The glad days bring
 A happy eve,
 For young hearts sing,
 Each month is May,
 Beneath thy wing,
 Saint Genevieve.

When we depart
 For sterner ways,
 And struggles start,
 Oh, may we leave
 A thought that blesses,
 A love that stays,
 Within thy heart,
 Saint Genevieve!



In the Wake of the Racer

"NOW, come on, fellows, hand over your money!"

"Aw, Jack, quit all that sentimental stuff, and let's have a game," called Nippie, short, stout, eighteen, and Jack Boyd's particular chum.

"That's the talk, Nippie!" echoed the rest. It was a warm evening at the beginning of vacation, and the dozen members of the Sigma Gamma fraternity who lived in the college town were all in the huge, half-empty fraternity house.

"I won't quit it," said Jack, "I want that money, and quick, too!"

"Say, fellows," from Nippie, "let me present our distinguished member, Mr. Jack Nutty Boyd, philanthropist."

"Say that if you want to, but I must have that money for Mrs. Hogan," replied Jack, determinedly, only to be interrupted by two or three voices: "Why not call her Mrs. Francois de la Paris?"—"Or Mrs. Deutschland Van Dykey?"—"Perhaps Mrs. Pedro——"

"Say, fellows, stop this nonsense, and get down to business," came from another, not quite so interested in "guying" Jack as in having his game. Immediately there was a mad scuffle for the tables—in which, by the way, Jack competed. Still, with all the joking and punching, he remained rather quiet and sober.

"I could almost find it in my heart to wish college would open again," said Dutch Delorme, while he shuffled for the third round. "This town's too dead for me."

"You forget psychology and old

Snell," answered Jack. "Your cut, Nippie."

"Remember when Fattie let the rat out in the hall?" A laugh followed.

"Do I? Snell wasn't long in finding a chair, was he? He ought to put on skirts and curl his hair. Your deal, Jack."

"I'll tell you what," said someone, "let's take him out in my car, and give him a good scare by—" "No, take him in mine. It's larger, and more of us can go." "Mine's the fastest——"

"Cut it, fellows. Jack, why doesn't your governor get you one? He's got money to burn," from Dutch.

"Guess he would if I'd guy him a little," answered Jack indifferently, "I may try it some day. Shuffle those cards—I want a decent hand." The fact was, that Jack had "guyed" his father one too many times, and had now been forbidden ever to mention car again. He had carefully kept this to himself, and none of the boys even knew that he wanted one.

After the game, when the crowd had scattered, some to the billiard-rooms, and others lounging around to smoke, Jack still sat by the table in silence. He was thinking again of his strange experience the previous evening. On the way home from the fraternity-house, he had been caught in a beating, drenching rain, and had stopped for shelter at a poor house in the suburbs. He recalled the shabby room to which the woman who had answered his knock had brought him, and remembered, too, the



trembling voice with which she had told him of Denny, her little son. "Sure, he's all I'm havin,' now, my Denny is. He's out sellin' papers to have our roof mended—see, there, in the corner, where it's leaking." She pointed to a spot where the entering rain trickled down the walls of the room.

Nippie's voice aroused Jack from his reminiscence. "One—two—three—let her go, fellows!" and Jack was almost stunned by an avalanche of pillows, hats and coats rolled into balls. "Feeling better now, Jackie? Let's give him some more, boys!"

"Cut it—what's the matter with you?" and Jack dodged, as they began again. "I mean what I'm saying—you've done enough damage for one night. Listen! Mrs. Hogan—"

"Oh, harp on something new! Isn't the moon pretty tonight?" said Nippie, poetically, "I could sit forever and make love to my—"

"Keep still. I've got something to say, and you've got to hear it," answered Jack with sudden seriousness. For an instant, no one spoke. They realized at last that the "philanthropist" was in earnest. He continued: "I want the money for her. You remember I told you how I met her last night—well, her house is leaking, and she needs the money. Now, fellows, give me all you've got—the more, the better. Come on!" He held out his hat invitingly.

"I believe you've turned burglar," said Dutch, as he gave his donation. Jack continued his rounds with the hat, till the collection was complete. When he was transferring it to his pocket, Nippie came from the other side of the

room with a huge foot-ball sock. "Won't this make a better pocket-book?" he asked, "it'll be a nice present for your friend Mrs. Michael O'Flanagan Hogan from oulde Ireland."

"Thanks—think it will." Jack calmly filled it from his hat.

"Well, are you done with your missionary work for this evening?" asked Dutch, beginning to sort chips, "if so, I propose some poker."

At home that night, Jack went straight to his den, switched on the light, and took off his hat and coat. The room was in the same deplorable condition as that of any other college boy. Everything seemed to be in a turmold. In one corner was a desk, covered with dusty books; by it, a chair, with a Dartford sweater slung over it. In another were Jack's gun, bat and foot-ball togs. Many things lay huddled together on the table—a pair of trousers, an old watch, some cigarettes, and a little pink crepe-de-chine handkerchief. The walls were covered with pennants and banners, between which were inserted pictures of dancing girls and actresses, and here and there a torn magazine cover with a pretty face on it. Jack went over to the large Morris chair by the table, sat down, yawned a little, and, smiling, took out his striped sock. There was a jingle as he poured the money out and scattered it over the table in front of him. He began to count it, arranging the coins into little shining stacks. Presently he whistled to himself:

"Gee! Didn't the fellows get generous, though! Wonder what struck them—that's about five times as much as I



expected." He turned in his chair, crossed his legs, and began to smoke. His face wore a satisfied expression, for he was going over the events of the evening. But, in the midst of his happy musings, his brow contracted and he frowned. He was thinking of Dutch's question, "Why don't *you* get a car—your governor's got money to burn." True—why didn't he? Why couldn't he, *now that he had the money*? But then came the thought of his father: "Dad—he'd find out." "Why should he?—I can keep it downtown somewhere." "The boys—they'd know." "No, they won't. They'll think Dad gave it to me." "And Mrs. Hogan—?" But he pushed that thought away with resolute force, and jumping up quickly, began to undress.

Each time he tried to avoid the idea, it returned with more poignant force. He could not escape it. All that night, his dreams were haunted by visions of a shining little red car. Once he drove it over the tables, while the boys were trying to play. They were furious—Nippie especially was enraged. Then again he saw Mrs. Hogan, beckoning to him and calling out in a hideous voice, as she held the empty sock up in the air.

The next morning the sun was shining brightly, and the light was streaming in at the east window. Looking out, he thought, "Think I'll put off going till tomorrow. Nobody'll know. Besides, she won't need it today. Don't guess she'd even think of that roof in such fine weather." So he waited until the next morning. Then it was raining, and he said again, "Well, even if she does want to have it fixed today, she can't, so what's the use? I'll wait till tomorrow."

And by the next day, he had decided to buy the much-coveted car.

"Jack, this car's a daisy! what made your governor get generous so suddenly? I wish mine would be affected like that." It was about three weeks later, and Jack and Nippie were driving the new racer through a crowded thoroughfare.

"It was rather sudden, wasn't it? How about getting out of here, Nippie—it's too slow." And with that, Jack turned the corner.

"Was it a birthday present—" began Nippie, but was cut short by Jack's exclamation, "Oh, say—look there, quick!"

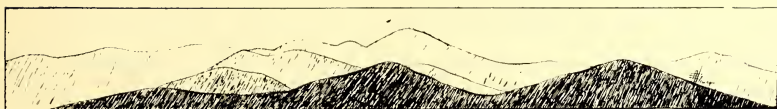
"Where?" asked Nippie blankly, looking to see what was so exceedingly interesting.

"Right there." Jack had turned almost backward. Following his gaze, Nippie finally saw, on the near side of the street, a large crowd of girls. One, a handsome, well-dressed brunette, particularly attracted Jack's attention.

"Oh, I say—" he coughed loudly. Both boys were so intent upon the situation that they were unconscious of a crippled newsboy, who, while trying to get a paper which had blown away from him, had hobbled over in front of the car. Luckily, Nippie turned and called a warning. Jack, still absorbed, did not turn.

"Look—look in front of you!" Nippie clutched at the wheel. Jack turned, saw the child and attempted to put on the brakes. There was only a hollow thud when he moved them.

"Good God, Nippie—they won't work!"



"Turn the wheel, then—quick!" But it was too late. Before Jack realized it, there was a curious crowd standing around the car, and he could hear Nippie's excited voice, "Get some water, can't you? Move aside, please, and let this child breathe." Meanwhile, a policeman had roughly elbowed his way through the crowd, calling out gruffly, "What's the trouble? Move away and give the kid some air!"

Jack, who till now had remained silent and motionless, jumped up and drew the man aside. "It wasn't our fault. Just as we got almost on the child, the brakes broke."

"Even if they did, you were speeding. I want your number, young man."

"We were not speeding. Ask my friend here—ask these people. They saw us," answered Jack, aroused. Then he dropped his voice again, "My father is J. A. Boyd, the steel merchant. He wouldn't like a thing of this sort to get in the papers."

The stalwart fellow looked surprised, and moved aside with some deference, as he heard the name of the well-known millionaire. "I didn't know it was you, sir, I—"

"Well," said Jack, slipping something into his hand, "suppose you don't say anything about this at headquarters?"

"I won't, sir, it wasn't your fault," replied the other, a bright smile illuminating his face as he saw the size of the bill.

One of the ragged youngsters offered to guide them to the child's home if they would take him in their "toy." Jack turned on the motor, the crowd dis-

persed, and the boys started off. Their little guide was most obliging. At each corner he called out in a loud voice and pointed a dirty finger in the direction which the car was to take. Meanwhile, Jack sat erect, looking ahead, his thoughts away from the little fellow beside him, yet taking in the directions and mechanically obeying them. It was several minutes before he looked around, took a firm hold of the wheel, and for the first time noticed where he was. On each side of the hard white road were stretches of bare lots, with houses few and far between. He realized that they were in the suburbs, not far from the fraternity house. And just a block away was the tumble-down home of Mrs. Hogan—

"Turn right in here—slow down, 'cause it's hard on your car." With a horrible contraction of the heart, Jack stopped at the door, and, getting down, took gently into his arms the child whom he now knew to be Denny Hogan. The poor woman inside, not knowing what to make of this excitement, came running forward just as he entered the door.

"What's the matter—what's been happening to my Denny?" Unable to speak, Jack turned abruptly and carried Denny over to the bed. Nippie came to the rescue.

"It was an accident. The brakes on our car broke, and before we could stop, we hit your little boy. He seems better now. I don't think he's seriously hurt."

"Oh, it'll kill my baby," she sobbed, running over to the bedside.

"Please don't be alarmed," said Jack, pushing the hair from the child's tem-



ples, and revealing an ugly gash, "Won't you get me some hot water? Nippie, hurry off for Dr. Hardy. Don't waste any time."

After it was over, and the doctor had left, Jack, too, turned to go. "I live at this address," he said, putting his card into her hands. "If you need me before tomorrow, call there. I'll be back in the morning." Unable to say any more, he went out, leaving Nippie with the weeping mother.

"Don't worry," said Nippie, "everything will be all right, I'm sure. Remember, we're ready to help you at any time. I'll drop in soon to see Denny."

"Thank you, sir—thank you."

"Gee, wasn't that hard luck?" said Nippie, after they had finally started. Jack made no answer. "Say, it'll be tough for you when your governor finds this out."

"He won't. I shut up the policeman. Now, don't *you* blab!"

"Me? Don't worry. Funny, wasn't it, that her name was Hogan? Wasn't that the name of the lady without the roof?"

"Yes—same name," said Jack, with an inward throb of relief that Mrs. Hogan had apparently not recognized him.

Going into the house one morning about a week later, Jack hurriedly took off his coat. But in quite a different manner did he cross the hall and approach Mr. Boyd's study. He put his hand up to knock, then stopped and turned away. But Mrs. Hogan's words of yesterday came back to him, as they did every time he tried in his mind to avoid this scene: "Denny will die unless

I get money to take him South." He stood still, rubbing his hands together, and trying in vain to think. Even if he sold his horse, his watch, the car, he wouldn't have money enough to keep Denny in the South for a year. Then, there might be extra doctor bills. He might ask Nippie and the boys—but no; that would be imposing on them. They had already given him so much. He had to tell his father—it was the only thing left to do. He kicked aside the rug impatiently, and came back to the door. A deep, gruff voice bade him enter.

Jack did not give his usual cheery, "Hello, Dad!" but stayed by the door silent till Mr. Boyd, a large, middle-aged man of rather stern countenance, spoke. "Well, what's the matter now?—more money, I suppose."

"Yes, Dad, I—"

"Jack," said his father, "this has got to stop. You spend entirely too much at that fraternity with those—"

"But, Dad, that's not what I want it for. It's important and I need it badly."

"Well, what do you want it for, that's so very 'important?' I suppose it's some silly—"

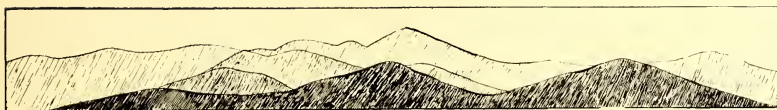
"No, Dad, it's for—for Denny Hogan," answered Jack, his face flushing.

"Who's Denny Hogan?"

"He's the son of a poor woman, sir, and I have to give him money. I—I ran over him while I was out driving about a week ago." Jack dared not look at his father.

"What?" demanded Mr. Boyd. "How did that happen? You weren't driving, were you? Whose car was it?"

"It was—mine, sir." Already he was



answering one question he had prayed to avoid.

"Yours?" in angry astonishment.

"Yes—I bought it about three weeks ago," answered Jack, trying to evade his father's eye, "and we were out driving, and the brakes broke and we couldn't stop. And now Denny's sick, and—"

"Jack, didn't I forbid you to get a car? Besides, where did you get the money?"

"From the boys at the frat, sir."

"From the boys? Why would they give you their money?"

"Well—I took it from them," he answered in despair, "I didn't mean to. I really wanted it for Mrs. Hogan."

"But why for Mrs. Hogan?"

In response, Jack told his father all. After he had finished, Mr. Boyd remained silent for a while. Poor Jack was in utter misery. He felt as if he had stood in that same spot for ages. What would his father do? Several minutes passed in unbroken silence, before Mr. Boyd's decisive voice finally spoke. "Well, I refuse to give you one cent. Now, there's only one way out of this for you. You'll have to give up your next year at college."

"But, Dad, I can't."

"Why not? You just play at going to college. You don't study. You don't do a thing but try to keep up with the pranks of the rest of them. College isn't supposed to be just fun. Besides, you won't get the money to pay this debt in any other way."

"Dad, that's rather hard, don't you think? Can't you let me sell my horse and—"

"I said no, Jack, and I mean it. Do as you please about the rest."

Jack threw his hat down on the table, and walked to the other side of the room. He stood there with head bent. Give up Dartford! All the suppers at the frat house, all the fun with Nippie and the fellows—why, he'd rather do anything else. But what else could he do? What would Mrs. Hogan do without the money? And what would happen to Denny? Gradually, instead of pushing the thought away as he had before, he came to his hard decision. Perhaps it was better, after all. He swallowed hard, and came back to his father's desk. "Well, Dad," he began, "I—I suppose it's the only thing to do."

"Very well, Jack," returned his father, unmoved. "I'll give you the check today. Now, don't do a thing like that again. I'm ashamed of you." He turned to his work and began writing again.

"Thank you, sir." And Jack went out, softly closing the door. "Gee," he said to himself, running down the front steps on his way to see Mrs. Hogan, "I'm darn glad that's over!"

Meanwhile, Mr. Boyd sat still beside his desk, his head bent on his hand. His face was stern and hard, his eyes looked sad and disappointed. He had known Jack to be wild, infatuated with college life, and always ready for any fun, but it had never entered his mind that *his* son would steal. It had been a bitter revelation to him.

But presently, other thoughts came. He turned away, the hard lines relaxing. "Yet it *was* tough on the boy. He's



crazy about that fraternity. He's got the right stuff in him, after all." He mused a moment, almost smiling, and then, turning to his desk, he filled in two checks. One, as he had told Jack, was for Mrs. Hogan; the other for J. A.

Boyd, Jr. The first he folded and thrust into his pocket; the latter he put away into his private file marked October 1. "I think that's the day Dartford opens," he said in a satisfied tone.

A. GIBSON, College, '20.





MISS F. A. STANTON, B.A., 1916

MISS F. W. HILL, B.A., 1916

MISS E. M. ZIMMERMAN,
Lycée, 1916





SENIORS





ELIZABETH KATHERINE
CHAPMAN.

Asheville, N. C.

"Friends and devotion are brothers
And we will this condition find true,
That he who is loyal to others
Will also prove loyal to you."

To our dear President, Elizabeth Chapman, the Class of '17 extends its heartfelt thanks for her ceaseless endeavors to keep up the "spirit." More than once she has encouraged a disheartened class-fellow by her cheerful advice—and she has never been found lacking in the ability to maintain the honor of her class.



HELEN VAN ARSDALE GAD.

Chicago, Ill.

"Happy am I, from care I'm free!
Why aren't they all contented like me?"

She came a long way, but declares it worth the trip. Her happy and witty disposition soon won a place in every heart. As Vice-President she has no equal.

MARION LOUISE KING.

Knoxville, Tenn.

"Who mixed reason with pleasure and wisdom
with mirth."

Marion, one of the best students at St. Genevieve's, is liked both by teachers and girls. Frankness is the keynote of her character. As Social Editor, we are very proud of her.





ELIZABETH MERRIMON.

Asheville, N. C.

"Joyously I follow laughter's path
And now and then indulge in Math."

She is known as a "real" student and a "regular" girl. In the second year of the Academy, "Lib" deserted her classmates but could not resist the temptation of graduating from S. G. A. so we found her among us the twelfth of September, 1916.

CAROLINE LANE WELLS.

Dendron, Va.

"Although she has much wit
She's sometimes shy of using it."

Caroline has all the qualities of a genius. When she conquers her worst enemy (herself), the Class of 1917 has hopes of becoming famous. Though her favorite pastime is being late, she believes in having something ready when she gets there.





ANNE PENNY WILLIAMS.

Charlotte, N. C.

"Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the
soul."

Anne enjoys life all right, and while she does, she also makes a good President of the Entertainment Committee, as well as a splendid basket ball captain and player.

LILLIAN AVERY FELTHAUS.

Asheville, N. C.

"Girls of few words are the best girls."

A pupil of St. Genevieve's since her school career began. A good athlete, First basket ball team for two years. Though she talks little, she has a good sense of humor, and an accommodating disposition.





VIRGINIA RANDOLPH.

Asheville, N. C.

"A girl to all the country dear,
Noted for her beauty, far and near."

"Jinny" has been a pupil at St. Genevieve's for a number of years, taking an active part in all social, athletic and dramatic events. As President of the Junior Class she had a marked career.

GEORGIE FLYNN SWEENEY.

Columbia, S. C.

In soul sincere,
In action faithful, and honor clear."

Without a doubt, "Georgiana" is from Columbia, and joined us in our second year. Her good nature and willingness to work soon started her with a vim up the ladder to graduation.





Class Prophecy

IT was Commencement Day. Partly asleep, for I was very tired from recent excitements, I listened to the words of the renowned Jesuit priest who was giving us graduates a talk. He congratulated us on the play we had given the night before—"As You Like It"—in which I had played the part of Jaques. He then said, "As a subject of my talk to you I shall take the words of this queer old philosopher,

'All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.
They have their exits and their entrances.'

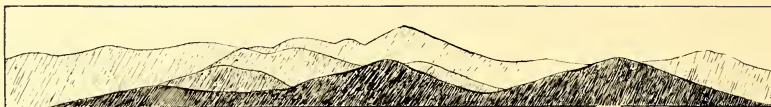
How true are these words! All the world's a stage on which each must play his part. 'Tis a stage on which is enacted the drama "Life," and which has an audience with many critics. But who is the audience? Rather, who are the audiences? For there are two, one the world—the other God. The critic of God is your conscience. It judges not in accordance with the judgment of the world. You must choose for whom you will act for you cannot adjust your acting to please both! Choose your audience and—" Here the priest's voice dwindled to an indistinct mumbling. Looking up, I saw nothing but a great, white mist rolling back and forth.

Where had I been? What was this? I rubbed my eyes, thinking it would go away, but no! As I gazed, the bottom seemed to be condensing and rolling up in one large volume. I saw behind the clouds a great stage, on the front of which was written in large letters the word "Life" and underneath, "Manager, Fate."

On this immense stage strange lights were thrown, making queer shadows about the scenery, illuminating only part of what should have been revealed and bringing to light many parts which would have looked better in the shadow.

"How strangely the lights are managed," I thought, as I heard a voice saying, "These are the lights thrown on by the world. As you see, they are mostly wrong." Just then I descried a tall, majestic figure in deep black. It was he who had been talking, and it was to an old man also in deep black with a long beard, who carried a scythe, that he spoke. "Roll up the curtain, Father Time, that we may see what parts the graduates of 1917 are playing on the stage of Life."

The old man shambled across the stage, pulled a cord which hung to one side, and a curtain rolled up. A familiar scene was being enacted, a class room in which eight or nine pupils were drawing geometrical figures on blackboards. On a rostrum sat the teacher reading "Kant's Philosophy of Life." Suddenly she put down the book, rapped peremptorily on the desk and said in a precise voice, "The five minutes are up! Cease immediately!" The tone had a familiar ring, but of so dim memory that I could not recall it. She wore a stiff white shirtwaist, a high collar with a purple and red cravat. Her hair was twisted into a small knot. As I was regarding this interesting figure, one of the students turned round and said, "Please correct mine, Miss Merrimon." And so it was! Elizabeth Merrimon, our bright



mathematician, who with a Ph.D. degree, was at that moment teaching Geometry.

The lights on the stage dimmed, then turned on again, revealing a slightly different scene, the Senate Chamber at Washington. A large crowd was gathered. A man rose, bowed, and said, "Gentlemen and ladies, it is my pleasure to introduce to you this evening Sena-tress Sweeney, who has been unani-mously elected as poetess for the com-position of our national war song. She will honor us by reading what she has composed." A stout, mannish-looking individual arose, unrolled a piece of pa-per and began to read a stirring poem,—

Four score and seventy years ago
We were not so, we were not so!
Remember Washington, the brave,
Who his grand country's life did save;
Remember Jefferson, the true,
Who never fear of danger knew.
Then let us on to war, my braves,
And let us beat all cowardly knaves!

At these words there was great cheering and as it continued I gazed in astonishment at my old class mate Georgie Sweeney, who had never been known to make a rhyme except by mis-take. She stood majestically on high, bowing to the applauding multitude, whose loud clapping gradually grew less, dying away with the scene.

Again the lights blazed up, this time on a beautiful cathedral from which faint notes of an organ issued. A priest stood, a prayer book in his hand. Around the corner came a wedding pro-cession which wended its way up the aisle. In the midst came the bride, very young and girlish-looking. She paused

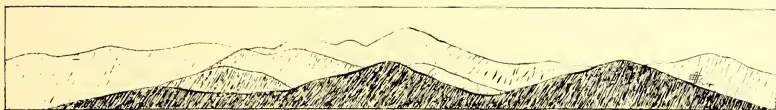
at the altar, her husband-to-be beside her. The priest spoke, "Virginis Ran-dolph, do you take this man Count Chas-seur d'Argent . . ." So Virginia had married a count, and a French count at that! I only hoped she would remain as happy always as she appeared at that moment in the beautiful cathedral of Amiens.

What scene was this appearing? Evidently a large summer house. Palm trees were growing around it. Could it be in Africa? It must be! The inhabi-tants were certainly a contradiction to the proverb that "Looks deceive," for there could be no doubt that they were Africans. It seemed to be a sort of school room in which were seated the said inhabitants, all of whom were grin-ning broadly, their black eyes gleaming in the half light. At one end stood the teacher. She was tall and fair. While trying to remember which of my former class mates she could be, my eyes fell on a sign attached to the front of the house on which, to my intense surprise, I read the words:

"Special French Lycée—Tuition Fifty Cocoanuts a Year. Taught by Miss Helen Gad—Bible Lessons Free."

I was greatly astonished to discover that Helen had become a missionary. Just then one of the pupils spoke, "Missy Gady, me a wanta toa parley toah Susy," and Helen's familiar voice replied, "Silence, Mirandah! You must speak French! And you did not white-wash your face today!"

This scene shifted to a very different one, an office untidily strewn with pa-pers. At a large desk sat a short, stout man who had a large wart at the end of



his nose. He possessed three strands of hair, the rest of his head shining like a mirror, being the one spot in the room minus dust.

At another desk sat an extremely thin woman whose figure was outlined in oblique angles. This personage, with her elbows on the desk, was regarding the ceiling while chewing vigorously at a pencil, when the small man turned round and said: "Miss er—would you mind interpreting this letter for me? It is written in Sanscrit."

"Oh, certainly," said the angular lady, and having taken the epistle, swiftly read the entire contents in English.

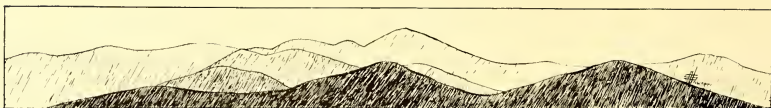
"And here are a few more in German, French, Greek, Hawaiian and Yiddish," said the small man. "Thank you very much, Miss Er—?" "King," said the thin lady. Then I recognized Marion, who had always been such a good student in French.

The lights on the stage went out and came on dimly. I saw a narrow, dark street filled with dirty children who were playing and quarreling before the rickety houses. Suddenly down the grimy street came a handsome limousine which stopped before the most dilapidated building. A man alighted carrying two baskets loaded with provisions. Behind him came an elegantly dressed lady also carrying baskets. An unkempt woman emerged from the house and the lady stepped forward, saying, "My good woman, I am bringing you some provisions. My name is Mrs. Rockefeller."

"Rockefeller," I wondered, "who—?" But just then she turned around and I

recognized Elizabeth Chapman, our class president, now happily married, and a bountiful philanthropist.

But what was this? A large room filled with all sorts of bottles, machinery, etc. Smoke seemed to be issuing from one corner. Why, it was a laboratory! A figure in a long, white apron emerged from behind a counter, holding a flask in one hand and a dish in the other. This personage was mumbling while pouring the contents of the bottle into the dish. I caught the words, "If this experiment turns out as I expect it to, I shall have discovered a new fact in science—namely, 'Gravity is caused by the attraction of all bodies to the earth.' The inverse to my theory has been proved, i. e., 'The cause of the attraction of all bodies to the earth is the force of gravity.' Now my discovery will cause a sensation among learned scientists, and I shall become famous." While saying this, the scientist reached out for another bottle, poured three drops of its contents into the dish and began stirring. Suddenly there was a big report! A flame! The experimenter and several contents of the room emigrated towards the ceiling with a velocity which it would have been difficult for the scientist to figure out, even in a more propitious moment. This seemed to contradict his theory of gravitation and I wondered how this was meant to illustrate it, unless it was his consequent descent which, although rather swift, was certainly not as rapid as his ascension. Just then the door opened. People rushed in with loud exclamations, "Oh, what has Professor Williams been doing? She will some



day blow up Harvard University and the whole town of Cambridge!" "*Williams*," I thought, "that name is familiar. Why, Anne Williams!" It was undoubtedly she and I saw her face as she rose from the midst of the smoke and debris. Anne a Professor of Science in Harvard! Well, I thought, our class certainly represented a variety.

The laboratory disappeared and all was dark. Someone spoke in a high, tragic whisper. Then I distinguished a woman's voice,—

"Upon my life fast asleep
Observe her; stand close!"

I saw a wavering light, a candle held in a shaking hand. It was the sleeping scene in "*Macbeth*." Who was the superb actress? The candle light fell on her face. It was Lillian Felthaus!

The lights dimmed. I could see nothing distinctly. Soon, however, in the

half light, I found myself gazing on a cemetery—a dark, gloomy spot amidst a group of trees. It was night. The pale moon rose slowly and glimmered through the ghostly branches which cast strange shadows over all. It rose higher and threw a clear light on one lonely tombstone in particular. There its pale light seemed to collect and shine with its utmost energy. I believed I could read the inscription. I looked curiously at it. The words were perfectly clear,—

"Here lies Caroline Wells, who started to write her own epitaph but did not finish it, so we in kindness do write one for her:

Here lies one who never finished anything she started.
She had just begun her life when she departed!"

C. WELLS, Acad., '17.





Last Will and Testament

[E. MERRIMON, Acad., '17]

WE, the SENIOR CLASS of St. Genevieve's Academy, in the City of Asheville, County of Buncombe, and State of North Carolina, being of sound minds and disposing memories, do hereby make, publish and declare this to be our LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT, leaving herein all our goods and chattels, as well as our accomplishments and virtues to the JUNIOR CLASS of said St. Genevieve's Academy.

ITEM I.—Our beloved class room which contains items of interest for every junior. Margaret Mitchell will doubtless bless us many times for our dainty mirror behind the closet door; Peggy Dickerman and Margaret Blum will find enjoyment in our rows of books; Elizabeth Rollins will adjourn frequently to our porch for recreation; Annie Kate Wells and Amy Tipping will rejoice in the shelves and hooks of our roomy closet; while Mary Meehan may employ herself in keeping straight our numerous maps and pictures and in winding our loved clock which never strikes correctly.

ITEM II.—To the JUNIOR OFFICERS of this year, Margaret Mitchell, Peggy Dickerman, and Margaret Blum, our Officers, Elizabeth Chapman, Helen Gad, and Marion King, leave loving advice and full instructions on commanding and swaying a class of "Budding Geniuses" in the most kindly and successful way a graduating class was ever ruled.

ITEM III.—Marion King leaves her tidy and perfectly kept books to Margaret Blum, and to this same young lady, Caroline Wells leaves her characteristics:—ever present confusion and never present presence. Poor Margaret Blum, I fear has more than her share, but Georgie Sweeney's perpetual cheerfulness and good-will, together with Virginia Randolph's knowledge of French and Anne Williams' knowledge of Latin, especially Virgil, will aid her, so we shall hope for the best and ask her to look upon her gifts as truly loving remembrances, and not an overpowering task.

ITEM IV.—After their struggles with Geometry, Elizabeth Merrimon, in kindly sympathy, leaves to Elizabeth Rollins and Annie Kate Wells, all that may be of value to them, and Helen Gad leaves them her Higher Algebra, and advises a careful consideration and study of the same, as a thorough knowledge of it lightens many weary loads and gives many tips in Physics.

ITEM V.—Lillian Felthaus leaves her History of Art and her ability to "perform" at Literary meetings to Mary Meehan, in the hope that she may charm her audiences by recitations and papers, and also be charmed by the art of centuries past. Virginia Randolph also leaves to Mary her "Hallecks" and all its accessories, such as Chaucer, and Hamlet, and her love of writing compositions twice a week.



ITEM VI.—To Peggy Dickerman, Anne Williams leaves her nonchalant air, however, not nonchalant in the sense of unnecessary, as it was once defined to me. Marion King also leaves to Peggy her ability to say whatever she likes in foreign tongues, but with the caution that she be very careful as to what she may like.

ITEM VII.—Georgie Sweeney leaves to Amy Tipping her steady concentration on work, and her knowledge of French, and Elizabeth Merrimon leaves her noble effort with Physics and the best of wishes for success.

ITEM VIII.—Elizabeth Chapman leaves her talent for bluffing to Elizabeth Rollins, with best wishes for its successful use, but warns her not to try too often in English class. Our President also leaves her charge of clock golf and her enthusiasm for basket ball to Margaret Mitchell.

ITEM IX.—Last, but not least, we relinquish our favorite haunts in duty

and pleasure, and consign each girl in the Junior Class to our Teachers, with the fervent wish that each and every one of them may enjoy her classes as we have, and may treat them with the loyalty and honor which we have striven to employ and which they rightfully demand.

We trust that the Class of 1918 may be all that could be wished, and that any influence which we of 1917 have exerted may be practiced and improved upon by coming graduates, so that as the years roll by each class may be more worthy, each girl may be more proud, and each deed may be more heartfelt for this, our Alma Mater.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we, the SENIOR CLASS OF ST. GENEVIEVE'S ACADEMY have hereunto, to this our LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT, set our hands and seals, this the 29th day of May, A. D. 1917.

THE SENIOR CLASS OF
ST. GENEVIEVE'S ACADEMY.





Third Academic Class

CLASS OFFICERS

PRESIDENT	- - - - -	MARGARET MITCHELL
	Chicago, Illinois	
VICE-PRESIDENT	- - - - -	PEGGY DICKERMAN
	New York, N. Y.	
SECRETARY AND TREASURER	- - - - -	MARGARET BLUM
	Jacksonville, Florida	

FLOWER—TIGER LILY

COLORS—ORANGE AND BLACK

MOTTO

Let not the burdens of to-morrow break the back of to-day.



The End of the World

If Peggy never got her work,
And talked in rank, or broke the rules,
Or laughed out loud at study hour,
Or with her comrades fought play duels;

If Margaret B. was cross and cold,
And answered back the sisters, too,
Or wrote love-letters long and sad
'Cause she had nothing else to do;

If Annie Kate no more could spell,
And witty could no longer be,
Or if the smile upon her face
We never, never more could see;

If Amy T. could not compose,
And essays write with wondrous grace,
Or could not argue in debates
And look you frankly in the face;

If 'Lizabeth did dance no more,
Or jest and chat with smiling ease,
And never looked so very neat,
And never talked of handsome "he's";

If Mary M. her shyness lost,
And unrefined or slang words used,
Or ever made an enemy,
And friends and class-mates all abused;

If Margaret M. did not complain,
And never scowled or frowned a bit,
But always smiled and happy looked
(Of course you know she's writing it);

If all these things should come to pass,
And all these natures thus be curled,
'Twould be the end, without a doubt,
The end of this old merry world.

M. MITCHELL,
Acad., '18.



Academic Specials

CLASS OFFICERS

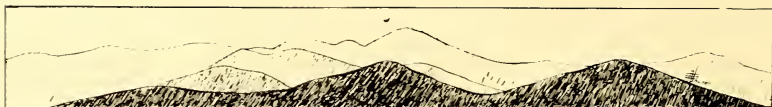
PRESIDENT	- - - - -	CLEMENTINA KOHN
	Montgomery, Ala.	
VICE-PRESIDENT	- - - - -	KATHERINE ERWIN
	Asheville, N. C.	
SECRETARY AND TREASURER	- - - - -	DOROTHY AMBLER
	Asheville, N. C.	

FLOWER—FOPPY

COLORS—RED AND BLACK

MOTTO

Live, Labor, Laugh.



The Cocoon and the Butterfly

ALTHOUGH I am only a Special. I have noticed something—the difference between the grubby Juniors and the attractive and beautiful Seniors. These lovely butterflies daily flutter in and out of the school, displaying their beautifully colored wings and tasting of the honey of knowledge, now at one blossom, now at another; compared to them, the rusty, dilapidated Juniors are mere cocoons. They are ugly, and they know it. Their contrast with the butterflies is painful.

The Seniors are a dignified body, gracious, refined and correct. The Juniors are an uncouth rabble. The Seniors are generous, always willing to forego a holiday not shared by the Juniors, even pleading before the faculty for the rights of their inferiors. The Juniors are selfish, never satisfied, always wanting more and more privileges. The Seniors may always be found brooding over their books. It is not necessary that they keep so intent upon their work; they do it partly as an example for the Juniors, who shirk their duty whenever possible, and partly for the pleasure of association with great minds.

Other differences are caused by passing from the Junior to the Senior year. The Junior plays jokes and pranks. Her walls are covered with University and College pennants. On the bureau are pictures of handsome men, champion half-backs, swimmers, sprinters—all disapproved of by the Seniors. In the drawers are boxes of highly-prized letters, read and re-read by the owner. If you chance to enter a Senior's room, you

see only tasteful pictures on the wall—famous musicians, noted men of history, eminent artists. Her bureau is in perfect order, and on it may be seen the pictures of her ancestors. She never thinks of wasting time re-reading letters. Re-reading! Why, she hardly spares time from her study to read present mail.

Still, Juniors have their uses. If certain students, on their visits to town, are seen conversing with the X- or Y-School boys, the observer may assure himself that it must have been the Juniors. The Seniors regard their position with greater respect. When, after the light bell, sounds of laughter float down from the second or third floor, it indicates another Junior disturbance. It *must* be the Juniors—the Seniors are studying or in bed. If anything is misplaced—books, clothes, paper—and the question arises, “Who did it?” the answer is invariably, “It must have been the Juniors!” Even when a Senior's room is disarranged (which seldom happens), it is always proved that a Junior was there shortly before.

I wonder if the Juniors ever wonder why they are tolerated. I wonder if they ever realize their short-comings. If they do, I wonder how they console themselves. It must be by remembering that so many other hopeless Juniors, as rusty, ugly and grubby as themselves, have become beautiful by the mere act of graduating into the Senior Class. They, too, must have the spark, they, too, will cast the cocoon and blossom forth into brilliant butterflies.

C. KOHN, Acad., Special.



Second Academic Class

CLASS OFFICERS

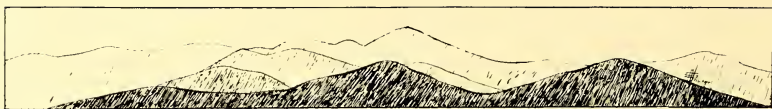
PRESIDENT	- - - - -	ROSELYN AMOROUS
	Marietta, Georgia	
VICE-PRESIDENT	- - - - -	- - - ALICE KOHN
	Montgomery, Alabama	
SECRETARY AND TREASURER	- - - - -	MERCEDES HORNSBY
	Havana, Cuba	

FLOWER—PERIWINKLE

COLORS—BLUE AND WHITE

MOTTO

Faithful and Ready.



Examination Week at Saint Genevieve's

THE rising bell rings harshly in the morning, disturbing the slumbers of the fair inhabitants of St. Genevieve's, and as each unwilling one slowly drags herself from her bed, she may be heard mumbling, "amavi, amavisti, amavit," while her room-mate answers, "Je vais, tu vas, il va."

Each girl wears a distracted look and feels the dark cloud hanging over the whole school, for this is examination week.

At the breakfast table the nun asks in a would-be-soothing voice, "Will you have some toast, my dear?" and receives the astonishing reply, "The areas of two circles are to each other as the square of their radii."

At nine o'clock the bell for class rings out and strikes on the ears of the trembling throng, as a call to execution.

At the end of the hymn, one girl whispers to her neighbor, "Please tell me, was it Hannibal or Cicero who said, 'I came, I saw, I conquered?'" The encouraging reply is apt to be, "Oh, dear, I didn't know anyone ever said that."

Soon the miserable victims are marched into the different class rooms. Then each one sinks back in her chair and stares moodily at the floor, until the questions are brought in.

One rapid glance is enough. Each girl knows positively that she has never seen or heard, or even dreamed of such questions before. However, she bravely tackles the first one, "Who was Themistocles, and what did he do?" She seems to have heard of him before in connection with Athens, so she writes with trembling fingers, "He was the son of Alexander the Great, and he destroyed Athens."

The oppressive stillness of the room is suddenly broken by a loud report making every nervous sufferer jump and turn around, only to find that one poor victim has accidentally let her pen drop. The looks she receives from her companions leave her completely prostrated, and as she picks up the offending article, she feels as if she had committed a crime.

The next question, "What were the effects of the Persian Wars upon Greek culture?" sends a cold chill down her back, for she knows nothing—her mind is a perfect blank.

A clock ticks away the time. She has thirty minutes more in which to answer ten questions. With one eye on the clock, the other on her paper, she strives to collect her scattered wits, but no light breaks on the darkness which surrounds her.

Finally the time is up, and each girl drags her self to her feet, and hands in her paper feeling that she knows absolutely nothing.

Meeting her companions in the study hall, no words are needed to express their mutual sentiments. The usual question, "Did you pass?" being handed around, and the usual answer being given, "If I made ten I shall be surprised and delighted," each tries to settle down to study for the next exam.

And so, for five miserable days, this goes on, and at the end of the week a general sigh of intense relief comes from every girl, yet mingled with fear for the outcome of her examinations. Then each worn-out individual goes to bed, to sleep—and to forget the nightmare of the week.

M. HORNSBY, Acad., '19.



First Academic Class

CLASS OFFICERS

PRESIDENT	- - - - -	DOROTHY SLUDER
	Asheville, North Carolina	
VICE-PRESIDENT	- - - - -	AUGUSTA TURNER
	Columbus, Georgia	
SECRETARY AND TREASURER	- - - - -	JANICE AMOROUS
	Marietta, Georgia	

FLOWER—LILY OF THE VALLEY

COLORS—GREEN AND WHITE

MOTTO

She who moves not forward goes backward.



A Beautiful Autumn Scene

THE scene I shall describe is before us every day, yet the greatest poet could not put its beauty into words, nor the greatest artist paint its loveliness on canvas. I saw it from the tower of St. Genevieve's.

As I mounted the spiral stairs that wound round and round, I imagined that I was ascending to the keep of an old castle belonging to some mighty lord of the Middle Ages—it was charming!

When I reached the top, a rather small, circular room greeted my eyes. All around it were small windows looking out on one of the most magnificent views I ever beheld. It was almost a complete panorama: to the east the nearby Beaucatcher range, tree-clad to the summit—and melting away into the great peaks of the more distant and loftier mountains: to the south the Vanderbilt Château, a reminder of man's work, set harmoniously in the midst of nature's grandeur; behind the towering western range, the sun was setting, and as it did so, it threw a veil of bluish-purple mist over the whole scene, adding, if possible, to its loveliness, but through the veil of mist were plainly discernible the bright colors of

Autumn, scattered about over the mountains; it was an Indian summer picture dotted with the brilliant colors of the Fall—red, yellow, green and brown, showing as though the picture had been veiled to keep it from fading with time.

As the sun sank lower and lower, the bright colors lost, not their beauty, but brightness, which became dimmer as though the veil had been doubled to keep the prying eyes of artists from them, for nature has no desire to be copied.

The scene became lovelier than ever since there is no artist so great as nature. The great red ball of fire just visible above the blue line of mountains was disappearing, now it was almost completely gone and the deep blue of the mountains changed to a deeper purple. The objects in the room now became indistinct, the sun had at last sunk to rest and in the northern valley, the myriad lights of Asheville shone out telling of the preparation for home-coming after the day's work, of human life and human joys and sorrows and labor, while

"One by one in the infinite meadows of Heaven
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots
of the Angels."

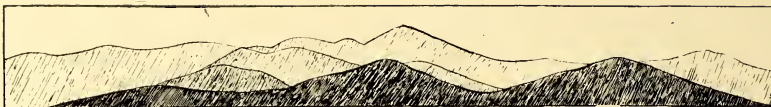
A. TURNER, Acad., '20.



Academic Graduates of 1916

(From Left to Right)

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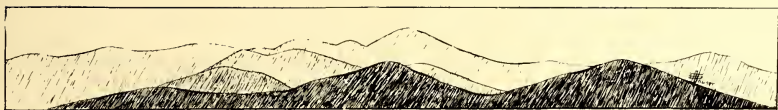
Farewell

Alma Mater cherished,
Listen to our prayer,
Pray that we'll remember
All your lessons dear.

Pray that God will bless us,
Each and every one,
That you may glory in us
When our life's work is done.

When the lamp of Heaven, mother,
Goes beneath the clouds tonight,
Think of us who love you, mother,
Alma Mater, be our light.

M. BLUM,
Acad., '18.



THE ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE

SOCIALS

THE first social event that roused the girls of St. Genevieve's from their daily routine was the annual entertainment given by the old girls as a welcome to the new. This reception took place September 29, 1916. A receiving line consisting of the officers of the College and of the Academic Graduating Class welcomed the guests. Formalities over, dancing ensued. Following this, Miss Dorothy Sluder delighted the girls with a fancy dance (in the attractive costume of spring). The ease and grace of Miss Sluder's movements were greatly admired by all. A piano solo, "An Impromptu," by Hugo Reinhold, was given by Miss Elizabeth Hendricks. She performed with a skill and depth of feeling that was a true delight to any music lover. Refreshments, consisting of delicious ices, creams, cakes and candies, were served late in the evening.



On Halowe'en a masquerade took place in the spacious concert hall of St. Genevieve's. Advantage was taken of this feast to employ all the traditional decorations of Hallowe'en. Ghostly figures met the guests at the entrance, and introduced them into a world of fantastic shadows. The girls were masked in costumes representing every clime and country. There were Carmens from sunny Spain, Sultans from the far-off Turkey, wandering bands of gypsies from the wilds of Bohemia, and many others. Between dances a voting contest for the most originally costumed young lady took place. Anne Williams, who was clad in a dainty dress of white, trimmed with black pon-pons, to represent Pierette,



received the prize, a large box of candy. Following the contest, refreshments, carried out on the Hallowe'en scheme, were served. Miss Mary Owen, from Guatemala, handsomely attired as Carmen, danced a Spanish Fandango for the guests. This was thoroughly enjoyed by her attentive audience.



Election Day was a very exciting day for the students of St. Genevieve's. Campaigning began on the evening of November 3, and a mock election was held in the study hall the next morning. The excitement waxed hotter and hotter as the hours advanced toward the time set for the casting of the votes. When the "house" was brought to whatever order was possible, stump speeches were made by Norma Stewart and Winifred Holahan, the former in favor of Wilson, and the latter for Hughes. After these orations, the votes were cast, and if it had been the real election of the President of the United States, no more enthusiasm could have been shown. Wilson was elected by a big majority.



After the Annual Retreat which was given this year, the 16th, 17th and 18th of November, the Rev. A. Biever, S. J., of New Orleans, La., who conducted it, was kind enough to give us a most interesting lecture on Science with experiments, and the following day he entertained us by a most instructive series of stereopticon views—"A World of Wonders and the Wonders of the World." The delightful talks of the distinguished Jesuit afforded a general pleasure to all present.



A trip to the summit of Mt. Mitchell—the highest point east of the Rockies—took place November 22. A party of thirty went on this jaunt. After arriving at Black Mountain, the journey was made to Mt. Mitchell Ridge on the marvelous Mt. Mitchell scenic railway. At the Ridge the party lunched at a picturesque lodge, and then the climb to the crest began. The ascent was steep and long, but the enthralling grandeur and majestic splendor of the panorama that greeted them on attaining the summit were well worth every ache and sigh. After enjoying the sublime beauty that nature spread before them, the travelers turned their faces homeward. 10 p. m. found them safe at St. Genevieve's again.



Thanksgiving followed soon upon the heels of the trip to Mt. Mitchell, and then it was that the gaieties commenced in real earnest. There were invitations to dinners, afternoon engagements for the theaters and every imaginable kind of holiday amusement. While the town pleasures were in full swing, the girls at school were by no means idle. Feasts, chafing-dish lunches and parties were





given, enough to delight the heart of any school girl. On Thanksgiving Day Reverend Mother Lorin entertained the girls with a Salamagundi Party from five to seven. Everything from auction bridge to "Snookums" was played and generous prizes were awarded to the fortunate winners. The five merry holidays ended all too soon, and with many a sigh, studies were resumed.



December 5, 1916.

The Children of Mary gave a Baby Ball,
And every mother's darling responded to the call,
The Sunbonnet Twins were there
And babies with golden hair
Babies and their nursies, too,
Dimpled ones with eyes of blue.

The fish pond and the candy booth were centers of great attraction that evening, for the babies all want candy. The prettiest baby was voted for, and Roselyn Amorous was awarded a beautiful box of candy while the prize for the "cutest baby" was won by Adeline Manning. Before the babies were taken to bed their nurses gave them permission to taste some of the refreshments that had been prepared. When each baby had enjoyed herself to the fullest extent, they were all whisked away to bed.



The 20th of December dawned at last, and great was the excitement that prevailed among the girls. They left for "home, sweet home" in a confusion of good-byes. The ninth of January, 1917, saw the girls returning with glowing accounts of the wonderful times that they had had during the holidays.



The Sigma Phi Gamma sorority held their annual reception January 13, 1917, in the sorority room, after which a dinner was given at Grove Park Inn, by the old members. Only College girls can indulge in such dissipation, and more than one envious glance followed them as they stepped gaily into their limousines, accompanied by their two chaperones. What they did cannot be ascertained, but judging from their expressions next day, it is hardly to be thought that they suffered from ennui.



Studies had barely commenced when a large dance was given on St. Genevieve's Day, the 19th of January. The old girls, who live in town, enthusiastically accepted the warm invitation to be present at the reception in our patron's honor. According to our custom, Library Day is also kept January 19, and many interesting books were received from the members of the Alumnae as well as the student-body.





After examination week came Mr. Griffith, bringing with him the needful calm and rest. This wonderful reader of our beloved Shakespeare made his yearly visit to St. Genevieve's on the 1st and 2nd of February. In all, Mr. Griffith gave four readings, one each afternoon and one each evening. These readings, so full of the dramatic power, the magnetic personality, and the living fire that seemed to be breathed into them from the very soul of this great man, covered a large field of topics. As in former years we have had most of the great masterpieces, our programme this year consisted of: "Romeo and Juliet," "The Unusual Plays of Shakespeare," "The Winter's Tale," and selections from the major plays. After each reading, Mr. Griffith spoke a few words of explanation and comment on the work that he had just given, and these talks were looked forward to with as much pleasure and relish as the readings themselves. The time for his departure was marked with many sincere expressions of regret. Mr. Griffith was not allowed to leave until he had given his full promise to return next year to St. Genevieve's.



On February 3, occurred the second election of class officers. It speaks well for those of the first session that many continued to occupy their same positions.



February 14, a "Thé Dansant" was given from 4 to 6. The large hall was arranged with groups of dainty tea tables tastefully decorated with Valentine favors. Hot chocolate, sandwiches, ices and cakes were served. During the refreshments, Miss Augusta Turner delivered the scores of Valentines that had been dropped in the mail box.



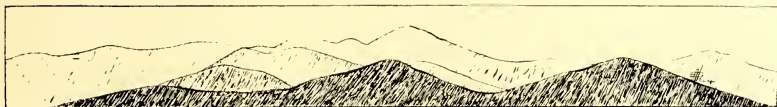
The Faculty and students of St. Genevieve's had the pleasure on February 19 of hearing Madame E. Guérin, the remarkable French artiste. She gave two performances, one in the afternoon, and the other at 8:30 p. m., "Jeanne d'Arc," being the subject of the afternoon, and "Marie Antoinette" that of the evening séance. It is difficult to give any adequate idea of Madame Guérin's perfect impersonation of the characters she represented.

The extraordinary delicacy and accuracy of her interpretation was heightened by the wonderful charm of delivery and by her quick transition from one phase to another in the lives which she brought so realistically before her audience.

She is marked off from lecturers and readers by the originality of her technique. Gorgeous costumes lent their aid to the spoken words, so that, in truth, one seemed to be assisting at an entire drama. One of the cloaks worn in "Jeanne d'Arc" was four hundred years old.

At the conclusion of the last performance, Madame Guérin warmly expressed her appreciation of the welcome given her at St. Genevieve's, and of the intelligent interest shown by the audience.





Washington's Birthday was a holiday at St. Genevieve's. As it fell, this year, on the second day of Lent, the usual barbecue was omitted, and the morning was busily spent in kodaking. When the girls repaired to dinner they found quite a surprise awaiting them. The tables were patriotically decorated with flags, cherry trees and hatchets. Dainty flowers were at each plate. During the repast every table participated in a guessing contest. Before leaving the dining hall the national hymn, "America," was sung. The remainder of the day was spent in general merry-making.



A unique performance was given March 8, when the students of the "causerie" (French conversation class) acted several scenes representing daily life in France. Glimpses of the French lady "at home," of the callers, of the Parisienne shopping and the French maid were thoroughly enjoyed by the onlookers.



The students of St. Genevieve's are anticipating with a great deal of pleasure April 26, which ushers in the Feast of our dear Superior, Rev. Mother Lorin. Last year the day was celebrated in due style. At the conclusion of the beautiful concert, the girls offered their handsome gift—magnificent chimes—which they had secretly ordered from Chicago.

A surprise banquet, ordered by Mme. Foret, the Assistant, followed. The rest of the day was spent in amusement.



A grand entertainment is being prepared for May 9, to commemorate the Silver Jubilee of the Rev. Peter Marion, of Hendersonville. No trouble will be spared to show our deep regard for Father Peter, who endeared himself to all during the many years he was pastor in Asheville.



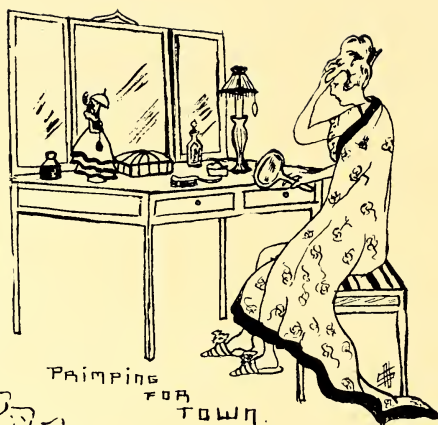
Field Day is listed for May 21. Preparations are already well under way. Enthusiastic practices for volley ball, basket ball, the tennis tournament, races and games take place regularly.



Dame Rumor has whispered abroad that several charming and interesting entertainments are being planned for the Graduates of 1917 by the other classes of the academy. From the mysterious glances exchanged among the officers and the numerous secret consultations, these rumors seem to be rapidly advancing to the stage of real facts; however, old Dame Gossip has not chosen to reveal herself and the secrets are well kept. Judging from the delightful parties, picnics, straw-rides, etc., offered last year to the graduating class and culminating in the grand climax of the big banquet given by the juniors at one of the leading hotels, the class of 1917 has a bright future ahead of it, in that respect at least.

M. KING, Acad., '17.



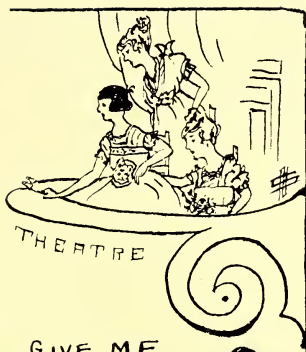


Le soir





Promenade



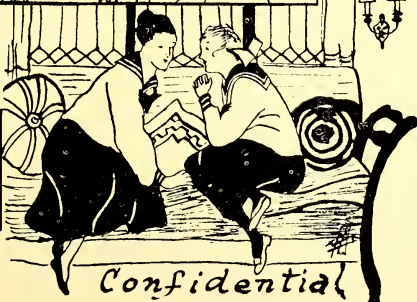
Momentous
Decision

GIVE ME
YOUR
BUN

Letter
Home



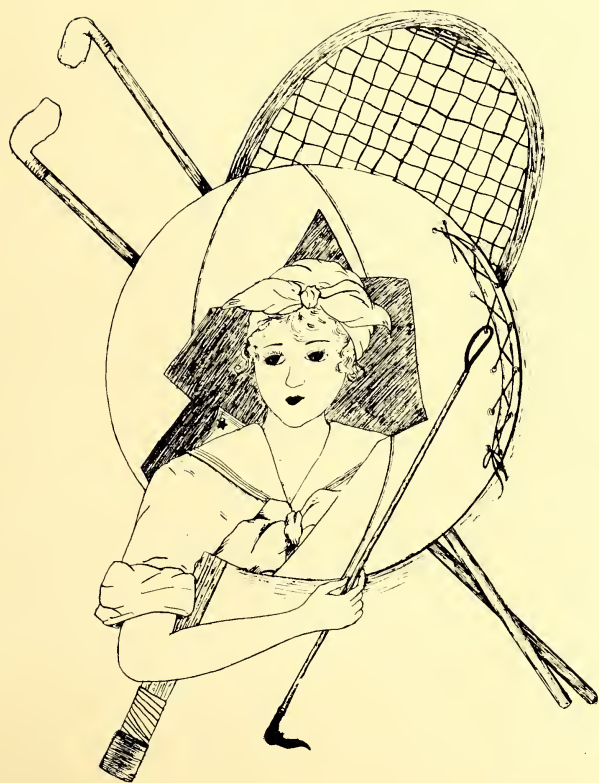
The Box From Home



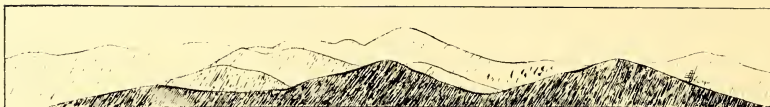
Confidential



THE HALLOWE'EN MASQUERADE



ATHLETICS



Basket Ball

FROM the beginning of St. Genevieve's, athletics have played an important part in the lives of the students. In October, 1908, a fine basket ball court was laid off on the grounds of Hillside Convent. The school was divided into the camp of the Spartans, with Janie Jones, of Asheville, as captain, and that of the Athenians, with Ruth Grey, of N. Y., as captain. Many games were played between them, of which the best-remembered was that played for Reverend Mother-General Duval, when she came from the Mother House in Belgium to visit us.

Later, with the increasing number of pupils, it was considered advisable to have four teams instead of two. Each team chose a different color which was worn in all games. The pennant, offered each year by the Reverend Mother to the basket ball team winning the greatest number of games, was won in 1914 by the "Reds," Mary Whitney, of Lexington, Kentucky, being captain. The following year the "Greens," under Frances Stanton, of Elkhart, Indiana,

carried off the pennant and last year it was the "Yellows'" turn to be the victorious team, with Marguerite Manley, of Asheville, as their leader.

At the beginning of the school year of 1916-17 it was decided that each class should have a team with its president for captain. At the end of the first session this manner of dividing the school was discarded, owing to the inequality of the teams, and the method of forming bands under four different colors was again chosen. The captains were selected as follows:

Agnes Gibson, of Charleston, S. C., captain of the "Reds."

Anne Williams, of Charlotte, N. C., captain of the "Greens."

Marguerite Manley, of Asheville, N. C., captain of the "Yellows."

Alice Kohn, of Montgomery, Ala., captain of the "Blues."

At the moment of this writing, the pennant for 1917 is between the "Yellows" and the "Greens," both of which have lost only one game this year.

Tennis

In 1915 it was announced that Reverend Mother Lorin, with her usual eagerness to encourage us in out-door sports, would offer each year, instead of a less valuable prize, a cup to the tennis champion. As soon as the frost disappears, youthful figures in "middies" and skirts may be seen at all hours from sun-up until sun-down on the tennis courts, "getting in practice."

Adeline Manning, of Knoxville, Tenn., was the first to win the cup. Last year Margaret Hemphill, of Arden, N. C., was the champion. The most interesting part of the tennis tournament is that it is quite uncertain who the two will be to play the deciding game, until a day or so before Field Day, May twenty-first—thus we can give no idea of who the winner will be this year.



Volley Ball

Although volley ball has been started only this year, it has quite a number of ardent devotees. They are divided into two parties with Anita Gibson, of Charleston, S. C., as one leader,

and Georgie Sweeney, of Columbia, S. C., as the other. Volley ball is just the game for those who want something more strenuous than tennis, and not so fatiguing as basket ball.

Clock Golf

Clock golf is another sport that has been started this year. It, too, is very popular. Many of the players are work-

ing hard to perfect themselves in it, and we predict great things for them next year.

Riding

Riding is one of the favorite sports at St. Genevieve's. It is enjoyed on Saturdays and on other holidays. The

excellent horses to be had and the many mountain-trails near the school offer great possibilities to lovers of riding.

Tramping

For those who do not wish quite such vigorous exercise as the above, there are afternoon walks and occasionally all-day tramps on Saturdays. The same mountain trails around the school are as agreeable to the walker as to the rider.

Madame Monk is the life of all the out-of-door sports. She gives a great deal of her time and thought to Athletics and its success is certainly due to her enthusiastic efforts. Miss Regina Stelling is her right hand and by her energy and ardor keeps the interest at high pitch. For the big matches, the regular Master of Gymnastics is the umpire, and he has helped in the training of the students for some of the games.

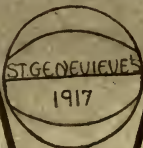
Field Day, the twenty-first of May, is one of the red letter days at St. Gene-

vieve's. It is then that the final basket ball match and the best tennis game are played, as well as all kinds of contests and games requiring strength and skill. The girls in their white "middies" and skirts with the colors of the different teams, their faces lit by good-natured rivalry, make a pretty picture. At the end of the day the members of the team which has made the greatest number of points in the various games, receive their monograms. And those who do not receive them are not envious because the thought the Athletic Club keeps ever before the minds of its members is:

"For when the One Great Scorer comes to write,
He writes against your name
Not that you won or lost,
But how you played the game."

N. ZIMMERMAN, Lycée, '16.

BASKET BALL



VALLEY
BALL





OFF TO THE MOUNTAINS



DRILL



TENNIS CLUB

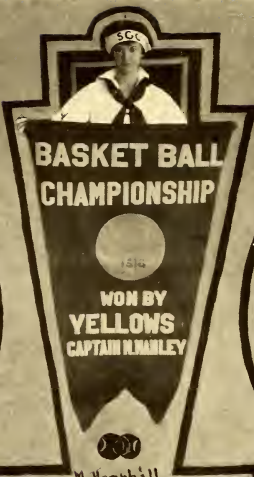


GAME OF GOLF

Winner
of
School Spirit Medal
1915-16



Margaret Stanley, Asheville



M. Hemphill

Winner
of
School Spirit Medal
1909-10



Ruth Eva Grey, New York



Winner
of
Tennis Tournament
1915-16



ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION



FRANCES STANTON, President.



The Alumnae Association

IT was on the eighth of June, 1916—the day after the Class of '16 had said good-bye—that we alumnae met, in response to Mother Lorin's invitation, to form our Alumnae Association. Though some of us were unable to come, each class was represented, back to the first graduates who knew and loved the school when it was just starting on its march to victory. In eight years we have graduated from our beloved Alma Mater enough girls to form an association that will bind us together and inspire us to continue the life work which began on our Commencement Day.

Mother Lorin, Madame Gannon, Madame Monk and Madame Mac-Swiney were present, and after an interesting informal talk with our Reverend Mother, we elected our officers for the ensuing year, as well as a Board of Councilors. The officers elected were:

Frances Stanton, A. B., 1916.....President
Elkhart, Ind.

Frances Hill, A. B., 1916.....Vice-President
Huntington, W. Va.

Mary Reeves, 1916.....Secretary
Acton, N. C.

Nellie Zimmerman, Lycée, 1916.....Treasurer
Asheville, N. C.

Adelaide Merrimon, 1915.....Historian
Asheville, N. C.

The following were made Councilors:

Frances Artz, 1915, Old Fort, N. C.

Nellie Belote, 1915, Asheville, N. C.

Mary Gibson, 1916, Charleston, S. C.

Rebecca Cushing, 1915, Fletcher, N. C.

It was decided that future reunions be held the day after Commencement Exercises.

This ended the business meeting, and we spent the rest of our day revisiting our old haunts and getting the latest news of school life. At half-past one our first Alumnae banquet was served, after which we were entertained by some of our more talented members.

As new members are added and our strength increases year by year, we intend to do great things. At present, one of our hopes is to establish a scholarship. For ourselves, we know that this tangible binding together will be a force to keep alive those high ideals and aspirations which were before us in our school days and which we wish always to have in our hearts.



THE SHARP SHOOTERS

Kodak Club

"Preparedness" is the thing.

Carry your *Cameras* with you.

Keep them *loaded* with good *films*.

Be prepared to take a "*shot*" anywhere at St. Genevieve's.

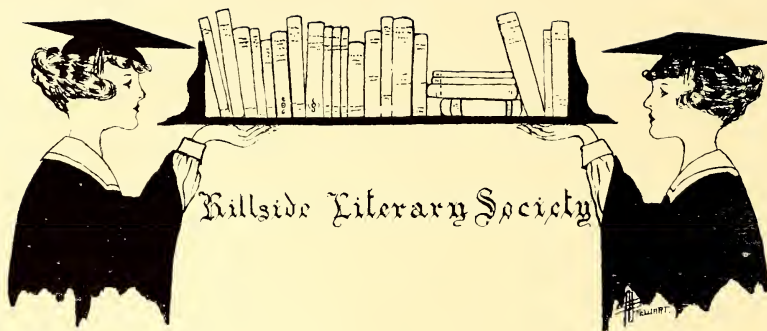
NO BARRED ZONE.

Target shooting begins at *once*.

Equipment	{	cameras
		films and
		five proofs of skill.

Recruits to be mustered in the first week in October.

Recruiting Officer,
R. STELLING.



This is the club that we started
To study untoward events,
And widen the vistas of knowledge
According to different bents.

We've studied the Moderns and Ancients
Who've written in verse and in prose,
Our aims we have given no limit
But culled wheresoever we chose.

Our Club we consider the finest
Existing throughout all the land
And we, who make up its fine members
Are the jolliest kind of a band!

"Might I give counsel to any young man, I would say to him, try to frequent the company of your betters. In books and in life, that is the most wholesome society; learn to admire rightly; the great pleasure of life is that. Note what great men admire, they admire great things; narrow spirits admire basely, and worship meanly."—William Makepeace Thackeray.

With this great idea before us and realizing that "Heaven helps those who help themselves," we, the students of St. Genevieve's, deciding to frequent the company of our literary betters, formed in October, 1910, "The Hillside Literary Society."

This is not a cosmetic society; that is, we are not content with merely "laying on" bits of knowledge, but endeavor to instill into the hearts of each member

the greatest love for the greatest literature of both ancient and modern times.

At first only the College Students composed the club, but they, unselfishly wishing to admit to the advantages and pleasures of their Society, some of their sisters who had not yet reached that beautiful state—or shall I say, struggle?—voted the graduating class of the Academy eligible. The President is one of the Nuns, Madame MacSwiney, who is ever sure of the heartiest co-operation of Reverend Mother Lorin in every effort to raise still higher the high standard now claimed by our Society. Nor must we fail to mention the following as secretaries, each of whom has ably assisted:

Miss Janie Jones, 1910-1911.

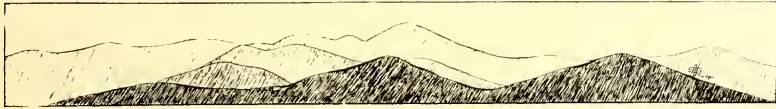
Miss Sara Walker, now Mrs. Henry Dutton, Jr., 1911-1912.

Miss Pauline Bivings, 1912-1913.

Miss Marion Dewey, 1913-1914.

Miss Nellie Zimmerman, 1914-1916.

At our first meeting, held one balmy October day, in the little room at "Hillside," the memories of which are so dear to the hearts of all the "old girls," our beloved Mother Deplanck read the opening paper, "Dull Girls and Bright——." She always encouraged and faithfully supported us, giving, in spite of her hundreds of worries and works, that in-



dividual attention which endeared her to the hearts of so many people. Those of us who heard her paper on "Love" are not likely ever to forget it; and in her lecture on "Margaret Fuller," she, a foreigner, portrayed to us the ideals of American womanhood in such a way as to make us firmly resolve to live up to her mighty conception of us!

During the first two years, the meetings took rather a social form; for although there is no royal road to learning, Mother Deplanck knew how to direct the tottering young feet and moreover, the students were always ready to swallow down any amount of intellectual food when its digestion was further promoted by ice-cream and cake and the whole concluded by an enjoyable dance! But as the Society increased in wisdom and members, this "refreshing element" had to be eliminated. At each meeting a member of the Faculty and one or more students read papers. The opening paper of each year is given by the Reverend Mother and has always been extremely interesting. Particularly so was the beautiful account given by Reverend Mother Lorin of the foundation and development in France, Belgium, England and America of the "Order of Christian Education." Mother Lorin has played an active part in many of the scenes which she described.

According to the traditions of our club, no other paper is read at this meeting, but recitations and choruses complete the programme. Several of the nuns have generously contributed most enjoyable papers, but the press of their numerous duties in other directions makes it impossible for them to read

quite as frequently as we should like to listen; in fact experience has taught us that our sister societies insist on their share of our dear nuns' attention. The lay-members of the Faculty, too, have been always courteous and obliging, and have helped us by their cheerful adaptation to our programme.

A very pleasing feature in this club is the dramatic element. Most members of the Literary Society being also members of the Dramatic Club, we combine the two, at festive times, in order to give the spice of variety to our literary efforts; thus in addition to the usual deep papers we enliven our meetings with interpretations of famous plays and masterpieces. From time to time in the past two years, the students of the Lycée have joined us and given readings and selections in connection with their particular work, treating, when possible, subjects in French literature similar to those demanded by our programme.

At intervals we have had lectures and readings from non-members. Among those who graciously consented to accord us these pleasures were: Rev. Albert Goetz, O.S.B., our chaplain, who gave a beautiful and instructive lecture on "The Passion Play at Oberammergau." Sister Mary Leo, of St. Clara College, Sinsinawa, Wisconsin, charmingly interpreted Tennyson's "Lady of Shalott," and Mrs. Edward Dean, of Aldershot, England, gave a very interesting paper on General Gordon.

During the early years of our Society, the subjects under discussion greatly varied. We did not confine ourselves to any special vein of literature, and very often the papers were complete



surprises to the audience, as the member often chose, with the approval of the President, some topic that appealed to her particular fancy. Under this régime "Favorite Authors," "Notable Characters in Fiction," "Places of Interest," and many other such themes and topics occupied our attention. But in the last three years we have studied in detail English novelists, 1914-15, British poets, dealing mainly with the dramatists, 1915-16, and during 1916-17 we have continued this study, centering our attention chiefly on the lyricists.

Among many interesting meetings in the annals of our club was one on "Richard II" in which scenes from the play were presented. One paper read at that meeting deserves special mention. It was a most original sketch by Miss Juliet Meriwether, now Mrs. Le Wright Browning, who dealt with one particular phase of the king's character, portraying in truly Tennysonian style the sad, poetical, enthusiastic Richard.

Another equally pleasing afternoon was devoted to the study of two great Catholic writers—Canon Sheehan and Monsignor Benson. A veritable play was presented by the representation of several scenes from "My New Curate" and "Initiation," in which parts were

taken by Frances Stanton, Willye Stuart, Norma Stewart, Nellie Zimmerman and Isabel Cooke.

Those present at the February meeting in 1916 still laugh as they recall the dexterous manner in which bashful young Mr. Marlow, alias Frances Artz, was chased across the stage, "chair and all," by the remorseless Miss Hardcastle, alias Willye Stuart, in "She Stoops to Conquer," whose author Mary Gibson had skilfully treated. They also remember with pleasure the paper brimming over with fun and merriment in which Frances Hill gave an accurate and scholarly portraiture of Sheridan.

Our reunions so far during this scholastic year, have been truly pleasant as well as profitable, and have led us to a more intimate acquaintance with Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, Moore, Burns, Byron, Tennyson, Browning and Arnold.

In conclusion, let me entreat the students of St. Genevieve's, present and future, to give our Society their heartiest endeavors. We have made a step, but "perseverance is the great agent of success," and it is energetic individualism which produces lasting achievement.

I. COOKE, Secretary, '17.



The Dramatic Club

THE Dramatic Club of St. Genevieve's has a serious educational object—that of developing lack of self-consciousness in its members, whether on or off the stage. While aiming to supplement the Literary Club in one direction by actually living the great masterpieces, it has labored earnestly toward giving its members facility in expression, poise and ease of manner. Madame MacSwiney is our beloved directress. Whatever degree of success we may have attained we owe to her eager enthusiasm and untiring energy, for she has not only held the highest of ideals ever before our eyes, but has striven with us, giving each member careful and individual attention.

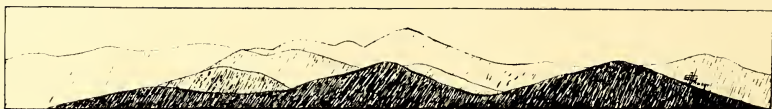
The first public essay was "The Mistress of Fernleigh Grange," given by the Academic Seniors on the Christmas of 1908, in the auditorium of Battery Park Hotel. The hearty applause given these "Freshmen in Dramatics" was a telling tribute to the skilful labor expended on them.

The little Juniors were an enterprising class and were not to be outdone by the older girls; so they worried the nuns until in the spring of 1909 they, too,

were permitted to appear. "Little Lord Fauntleroy" was the play, and it was given with great success, first exclusively for Mother Deplanck and the Sisters, then for the entire school. Madeline Loughran made a charming Cedric, while Marguerite McIntyre as the "new claimant" deservedly shared in the applause. The first performance was followed by a sumptuous banquet never to be forgotten by those Juniors. The Junior reputation was firmly established in "Miss Jemima's Pets," where Isabel Cooke as the deaf lady, made her first great "hit." Mother Deplanck was so pleased that she insisted on its being given for the Ladies' Altar Society!

"The Merchant of Venice" was the first classic drama undertaken by the Club. In this Ruth Grey made her debut as "Portia" and Janie Jones hers as "Shylock." But it was in the dethronement scene from "Richard II" which followed soon after, that the remarkable talent of several of our girls was recognized and appreciated. Ruth Grey as "Bishop Carlisle" won still further laurels and Janie Jones as "Bolingbroke" left nothing to be desired.

An operetta "Zureka," came next on



the program. It was a delightful musical comedy and lent itself charmingly to the youthful voices of the performers. In the title-rôle Juliet Meriwether, now Mrs. Le Wright Browning, won the hearts of all by her sweet voice and simple, unaffected manner.

In December, 1911, the Club again chose a Shakespearean drama. When people heard that "Macbeth" was to be given and saw the Dramatis Personae headed by familiar names, expectation ran high. Nor was it disappointed. Gwendolyn Macartney, all the way from "Merrie England," took the part of Banquo, and Miss Beatrice Macartney delighted the audience by the recitation, as an entr'acte, of a selection from "Innocents Abroad" in her English accent. And here we appeared for the last time at Battery Park. Henceforward our performances were given in the auditorium of our beloved new Saint Genevieve's. Doubtless the dear nuns sighed with relief, but surely even they must have enjoyed the humor of those terrible times behind the scenes, among which suit-cases with the essentials missing might be reckoned minor details.

By this time the younger set had grown up and its members were ready to fill in the older one which was fast thinning. In June, 1912, "Fabiola" was presented. Isabel Cooke as the Roman lady Fabiola played her part with great dignity, grace and feeling. Mary Hamilton as Fluvius proved her dramatic talent and gave promise of great things, while Ruth Grey, making an ideal Syra, acted for the last time on the St. Genevieve's stage. Frances Hill as Afra, the

black slave, gave a comic element to the otherwise serious play; and when she appeared later to receive her prizes, her dusky hue still unchanged, the audience laughed and cheered with delight.

The following June Henri Bornier's "La Fille de Roland" spirited us away to "La Belle France" in the days of Charlemagne when knights really and truly lived and did brave deeds for their "ladyes faire." Those taking part splendidly interpreted the French sentiments, although the play had been translated into our own less musical if equally expressive English.

THE DAUGHTER OF ROLAND DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

The Emperor Charlemagne.....	Miss I. Cooke	
Gerald.....	Miss M. C. Cawood	
The Count Amaury.....	Miss M. Hamilton	
Ragenhart (A Saxon).....	Miss G. Guerard	
The Duke Nayme.....	Miss B. Johnson	
Radbert (A Monk).....	Miss H. Kelly	
Geoffrey {	Young Lords..... {	Miss F. Artz
Hardre {		Miss L. James
Berthe (Daughter of Roland).....		
		Miss N. Zimmerman
Theobald (Page).....	Miss M. Meehan	
Saracen Knights, Soldiers, Servants, Ladies-in-waiting		

It may be well to speak here of one or two of the many minor French comedies which have been given. No one seeing "Le chat de mère Michel" will ever forget the excitement "Mère Michel" (Frances Hill), caused over her lost cat and how, with the aid of Henrietta Kelly, who made an ideal policeman, peace and order were finally restored. "Le Parapluie de Don Quixote," another musical comedy, was equally amusing.

As space is limited we shall but men-



SHAKESPEARE
GROUP



PIERROT and PIERRETTE



MACBETH



Merry Gypsies



CHARACTERS IN "MARIE STUART"



tion the German plays, all of which have been given with great success, though "Wilhelm Tell" is still considered the best.

We can but allude also to the numerous scenes and sections prepared at the request of the Literary Club; those from "Hamlet" and "l'Harpagon" (Molière) seem to call for special mention.

St. Patrick's Day is always celebrated at Saint Genevieve's with loving enthusiasm and the Dramatic Club aids in the festivities by giving a play of gay character in keeping with the spirit of the feast.

Our beloved Mother Deplanck passed away January, 1915, so there was no big English play the following June, although the usual French play was given. "Le Cid" was chosen, and was played very successfully. As a tribute to our dear departed one a number of the girls who knew and loved her best, clothed in flowing white robes, sang and acted "Nearer, My God, to Thee." Acted? No, from their faces it was clear how far from mere acting they were. The audience was visibly touched, and when "In Memoriam," composed to Mother Deplanck, was recited by Madeline Loughran, more than one listener's eyes were wet.

"The Absent-minded Professor," given Christmas, 1915, was a delightful comedy. Isabel Cooke, as the "Professor," kept the audience laughing at the ludicrous blunders caused by her exasperating forgetfulness.

"La Pluie des Fleurs" was a dainty compliment in the form of a pretty operetta given our dear Mother Lorin on her feast day by the College, including

the Lycée. They took this opportunity of telling her of their "amour, reconnaissance et souvenir," typified by the red, white and pink roses which they offered as a mark of their love and gratitude and as an assurance that she would be always fondly cherished in their memory. "The Battle of Books," given by the Academy on the same occasion, was both instructive and entertaining.

"As You Like It," the Commencement play, June, 1916, was one of the biggest and most successful dramas ever given by the Club. The players put their hearts and souls into their parts. Frances Stanton, in the heroine's role, combined simplicity, sweetness and modest grace. She, as Rosalind, and Willye Stuart as Celia, made two charming brides, and Isabel Cooke and Norma Stewart as Orlando and Oliver respectively, were fitting partners for them. Isabel Amorous, as the banished Duke, completed the family picture, while Dorothy Moran gave an admirable interpretation of the difficult role of Jaques.

Nobody who saw the play will ever forget that irresistible pair, Frances Artz, Touchstone, and Anne Williams, Audrey. Peggy Dickerman made a charming Phebe and Margaret Mitchell did her part of Silvius to perfection. Indeed, if we gave every player her due, we should exhaust the reader's patience, to say nothing of the dictionary.

AS YOU LIKE IT DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Duke, living in banishment....Miss I. Amorous
Frederick, his brother, and usurper of his
dominions.....Miss A. Perry



INDIAN MAID



JOAN OF ARC
AND PAGE



JACQUES and
AMIENS



DANIELLE
and
ALIENA



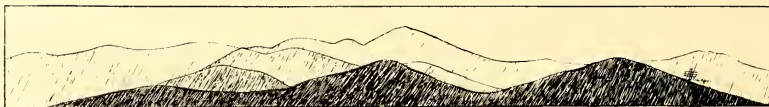
SCENE FROM 'MARIE STUART'



QUEEN ISABEL
and
ANN NEVILLE



AS YOU LIKE IT



Amiens	Lords attending	Miss N. Belote
Jaques	on the	Miss D. Moran
First Lord	banished Duke	Miss M. Gibson
Second Lord		Miss O. Chazal
Oliver	Sons of	Miss N. Stewart
Jaques	Sir Rowland	Miss M. Reeves
Orlando	de Boys	Miss I. Cooke
Adam, servant to Oliver		Miss F. Artz
Corin	Shepherds	Miss G. McIntyre
Silvius		Miss M. Mitchell
William, a country fellow, in love with		
Audrey		Miss D. Ambler
Rosalind, daughter to the banished Duke		
		Miss F. Stanton
Celia, daughter to Frederick		Miss W. Stuart
Phebe, a shepherdess		Miss P. Dickerman
Audrey, a country wench		Miss A. Williams
Lords, Pages and Attendants		

The French play of last year was "Marie Stuart." Willye Stuart, in the title role, played her part with great skill and justly merited the applause she received. Anne Perry's interpretation of Queen Elizabeth of England called forth the admiration of all, and Dorothy Moran as the old nurse of Marie showed great dramatic ability.

MARIE STUART

DRAMATIS PERONÆ

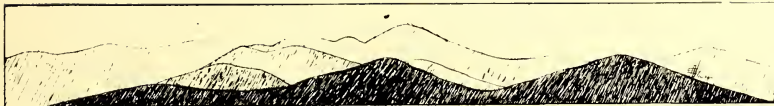
Mary Stuart, Queen of France and Scotland	Miss W. Stuart
Elizabeth, Queen of England	Miss A. Perry

Catherine de Medici, Queen of France	Miss N. Belote
The Duchess of Guise, aunt of Mary Stuart	Miss N. Stewart
The Countess of Lenox, Mother of Henry Darnley	Miss I. Cooke
The Countess of Murray, Mother of the Regent of Scotland	Miss I. Amorous
Lady Trogmorton, Ambassadors of Queen Elizabeth	Miss F. Artz
Anna Kennedy, nurse of Mary Stuart	Miss D. Moran
Marie Seyton	Miss N. Zimmerman
Marie Fleming	Miss M. Reeves
Companions of Mary Stuart	
Lady Dudley, companion of Lady Trogmorton	Miss G. McIntyre

A very pleasing and in no way insignificant department of the Dramatic Club is that devoted to tableaux and action songs, given from time to time as entr'actes or preludes to performances, thus bringing us in close connection with the Music Club which has shown itself ever ready to lend us aid.

"Comus," produced Christmas, 1916, brings us to the end of our list, as we may not yet divulge professional secrets for 1917. It also brings us to the advent of an entirely new set of players. If they fulfill the prophecies made about them, Saint Genevieve's Dramatic Club will be very proud of her recent recruits.

N. ZIMMERMAN, '16.



The College Song

(Air: "La Marseillaise")

St. Genevieve's, in thee we glory;
Yes, yes, thy children love thee well!
We'll hail thy work in song and story,
To all the world thy praise we'll tell,
To all the world thy praise we'll tell,
For thee our prayers shall still be pleading,
With joy our hearts to thee will turn,
With love for thee our hearts will burn,
Thy star aloft is ever leading.

CHORUS:

Hurrah!! St. Genevieve's! her star forever leads!
With joyful song we hail thee today,
St. Genevieve's for aye.

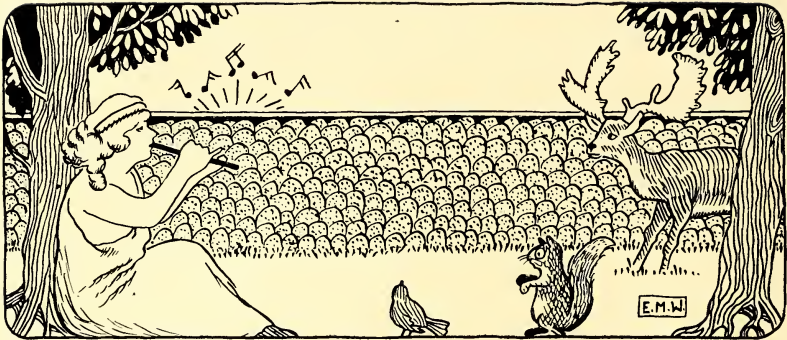
Our stars and stripes with the fleur-de-lis,
See, see, how well they are blending;
St. Genevieve's in the land of the free,
Her way to success is wending,
Her way to success is wending,
For her we'll strive with hearts all loyal,
Forever be her faithful band,
Forever for her cause we'll stand,
For freedom here is more than loyal.

Chorus.

From Ireland, England, too, they're coming,
Hail, hail to all who love our land;
St. Genevieve's will soon be humming
With busy bees, a happy band,
With busy bees, a happy band,
No grumblers here their mischief breeding,
With sunny smiles we'll light the way;
With trusting hearts we'll always pray,
St. Genevieve's, for your succeeding.

Chorus.





The Schubert Club

THE Schubert Club is one of the most important features in the social life of St. Genevieve's. It was first established in November, 1911, with the aim of furthering the love of music among the students. Its first members were few and formed a small group of timid beginners. But soon, under the capable supervision and whole-hearted devotedness of our directress, Mme. A. Colclough, the club increased in numbers and importance and now forms one of the principal associations among the student-body.

The meetings, on the first Tuesday of every month, are anticipated with pleasure, for they cover a large, varied and interesting field of work; at each a certain composer is chosen as the subject of the day. After biographical details are given, a paper is read by one of the members discussing his significance as a composer. Afterwards a few selections are rendered from his works. During the course of the year, besides several minor entertainments, two large concerts are given. One falls in the month of November, the other on the 17th of March.

This present year has been devoted

exclusively to the study of American Composers. The November concert, which was given over to Stephen Foster and Ethelbert Nevin, was a great success. The program was as follows:

Essay on Ethelbert Nevin and Stephen Foster
Miss Mary Reeves.

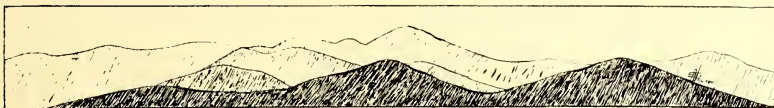
Narcissus Nevin
Miss Constance Hemphill.

Rosary (song) Nevin
Miss F. Artz.

Amorosa Nevin
Miss A. Gibson.

Souvenir of Foster—Miss E. Hendricks.
Old Kentucky Home—Chorus.

The St. Patrick's Recital was not devoted wholly to music. Elaborate preparations were made for celebrating the festival appropriately. The color scheme of green and white was carried out in minute detail and the concert proved to be one of the greatest successes of our few, yet eventful years. The selections were all charmingly rendered and showed much real ability. The harp solo, Kathleen Mavourneen, was the favorite number, while "Sham-rock," given by the orchestra, was a close second. The two comedies, "Madame est Sortie," and "Sing a Song of Seniors," with the Irish jig, gave the



element of fun without which an Irish concert is impossible.

We are all greatly interested in the work of the Schubert Club, although some of us wish that the art of music could be well mastered without long hours of practice. Exercises do not always appeal as much as ragtime, and it is not easy to keep to the sonata pitch. However, we keep steadily on, having as our aim the thorough understanding of good music and, who knows, but even now we are sheltering among us some rising genius, who will one day flash, meteor-like, across the musical heavens and thus bring to fame the Schubert Club of St. Genevieve's?

Miss Elizabeth Hendricks, one of our members, who has been specializing in Music, is now prepared to receive a certificate for the Teachers' Course. We are all anticipating with pleasure the final recital which she will give during Commencement Week.

We now add the programme which she and Miss Willie Carter gave with such success, when each received a gold medal:

PIANO RECITAL

Given By

MISS WILLIE CARTER AND MISS ELIZABETH HENDRICKS

Assisted By

MISS FRANCES STANTON, Violinist
and the

VOCAL CLASS OF ST. GENEVIEVE'S

PROGRAMME

Piano Duet—Caprice Hongrois, Op. 7—Ketterer

Piano I—Miss W. Carter.

Piano II—Miss E. Hendricks.

Piano Solo—Nocturne, Op. 37, No. 2—Chopin

Miss W. Carter.

Violin Solo—Menuet in G, No. 2—Beethoven

Miss F. Stanton.

Piano Solo—Invitation à la Valse, Op. 65—

Weber-Tausig

Miss E. Hendricks.

Piano Duet—Lohengrin von Wagner—Bonewitz

Piano I—Miss E. Hendricks.

Piano II—Miss W. Carter.

Semi-Chorus—Barcarolle -----

Offenbach-Rhys-Herbert

Vocal Class.

Piano Solo—Third Ballade, Op. 47—Chopin

Miss E. Hendricks.

Violin Solo—Le Cygne—Saint Saens

Miss F. Stanton.

Piano Solo—Erl Konig—Schubert-Liszt

Miss W. Carter.

Piano Duet—Rondo Brilliant, Op. 62—

Weber-Kraegen

Piano I—Miss W. Carter.

Piano II—Miss E. Hendricks.

Chorus—Dear Native Land—Resch

Vocal Class.

St. Genevieve's Orchestra



SCHUBERT MUSIC CLUB



The Sodality

THE Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary, under the title of the Immaculate Conception, was established at St. Genevieve's College December 8, 1911, and was affiliated with the Prima Primaria Sodality in Rome, November, 1912. The Rt. Rev. Leo Haid, D.D., O.S.B., Bishop of North Carolina, in giving his kind approval of its establishment, authorized Rev. Albert Goetz, O.S.B., our present chaplain, to act as Spiritual Director. Madame Gannon was named Prefect. On the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, 1911, each of the twelve charter members fervently recited the Act of Consecration and received the medal and blue ribbon, the insignia of the Sodality.

Since then, two solemn receptions have been held each year, in December and May. After the ceremony, which is always beautiful and impressive, the newly received members are entertained at a banquet.

On the second Sunday of each month, which is known as Sodality Sunday, the Children of Mary, wearing their medals and blue ribbons, receive Holy Communion in a body, and meet in the afternoon at St. Genevieve's to discuss matters concerning the Society. Madame Gannon presides over this part of the meeting. She not only helps and encourages us in all our undertakings, but takes a special interest in each individually. The Rev. Director, who has always been most zealous for the welfare of the

Children of Mary, gives a spiritual conference at each of these meetings.

In addition to the monthly gatherings, Rev. Mother Lorin often calls the Sodality together for a "heart to heart talk," for with true loving insight she knows what we need most. Each year she arranges for a retreat to be given during November, where all the Catholics who wish may have the opportunity of hearing the sermons and receiving the advice of such holy and eminent men as Rev. John O'Rourke, S.J., of New York, and Rev. A. Bievir, S.J., of New Orleans. The Children of Mary always have been prominent at these services, and have put their library at the disposal of the younger Catholics during these days.

On the 8th of December, 1916, we celebrated our "Wooden Jubilee." It is interesting to know that on this our *fifth* anniversary we welcomed *five* new members, thus making our number sixty—just *five* times the original twelve members. Invitations had been sent to the first members who had left the school, and all united in offering an organ to the chapel in memory of our beloved Mother Deplanck, under whose wise guidance we were first established. The entertainment after the ceremony was more elaborate than usual, and all contributed towards making this day the most enjoyable in the history of the Sodality.

R. STELLING, President.



The Art Club

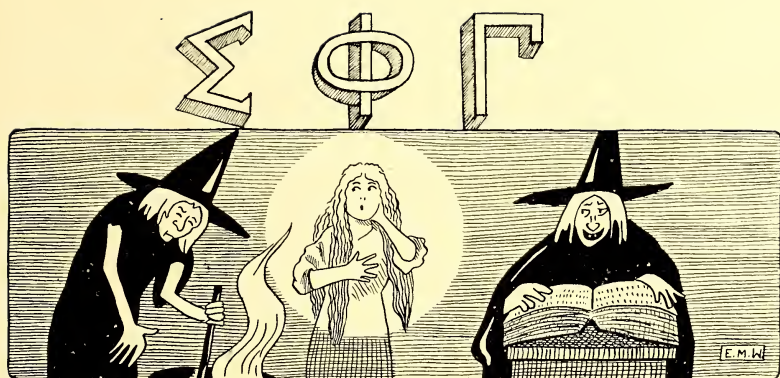
THE sketchers and painters of St. Genevieve's are more numerous than famous, but some of the hopes and ideals we cherish are not wholly without possibilities. On one of your future visits to the Louvre do not hesitate to trust your eyes if you see several chef-d'oeuvres in portraits and landscapes signed by some of our members. The instruction and practice we are having in these two branches assure success.

FLOWER—INK BALL

COLORS—ROUGE AND BLACK

MOTTO

Careful with the Color.





Sigma Phi Gamma

Founded at St. Genevieve's, 1915

COLORS—GOLD AND WHITE

FLOWER—DAISY

SORORES IN COLLEGIO

FRANCES STANTON

GENEVIEVE McINTYRE

WILLYE STUART

NELLIE ZIMMERMAN

FRANCES ARTZ

MARY REEVES

FRANCES HILL

REGINA STELLING

NELLIE BELOTE

MARY ENGLISH

DOROTHY MORAN

AGNES GIBSON

NORMA STEWART

VIRGINIA PEYTON

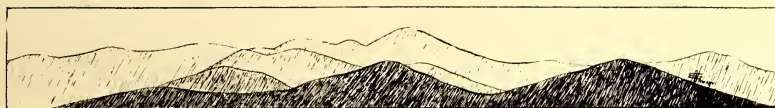
ANNE PERRY

MOLLIE BOWMAN

ISABEL COOKE

ISABEL AMOROUS

HELEN STUART



Much Ado About Nothing

(With Apologies to the Plays of William Shakespeare).

A DRAMA IN V ACTS.

BY CAROLINE WELLS, ACAD., '17.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lord Bug	-----	A Noble
Lady Bug	-----	His Wife
Beatrice and Hero Bug	-----	Their Daughters
Don John Beetle, Their Guest	-----	The Villain
Claudius Roach, Their Guest	-----	Lover of Hero
Benedict Cricket, Their Guest	-----	Lover of Beatrice

ACT I.

Scene I.—A room in Lord Bug's Mansion. Enter Beatrice, discovering Benedict there.

BEATRICE—How now, Master Benedict! When did you arrive? I thought you had been killed in the war. I would in politeness say I was glad to see you but, forsooth, my tongue bids me keep silent on the subject.

BENEDICT—You are improving in conversational prowess, Lady Beatrice. I do remind me of your bashfulness a few years ago, and how I had to do all the talking else there had been complete silence.

BEATRICE—Master Benedict, I do remind me of your chattering, though of nothing you said, and that I had as soon listen to a parrot, in fact sooner; for sith he uttered words

he heard others say instead of vainly trying to resort to his own empty head for them. If ever you should fall in love, pray be sure and choose a lady with brains enough to make up for two.

BENEDICT—That prevents me ever proposing to you, Lady Beatrice.

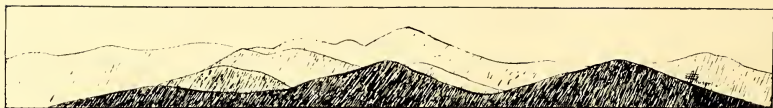
BEATRICE—I wonder, Master Benedict that you do talk, talk, talk. Is there anyone special whom you came to see?

BENEDICT—Fair Beatrice, I can name no choice in such a charming household.

BEATRICE—Then permit me to choose Polly for you.

BENEDICT—And who may this fair lady be?

BEATRICE—Our parrot. I'll send her directly. (Exit).



ACT I.

Scene II.—A part of the courtyard. Enter Don John.

DON JOHN—I, the villain do now appear. I have taken that rôle upon myself; and so, when the Almighty calls me to account for being such a monster I can say, "Lord, I did do it from a purely unselfish motive—namely, to relieve someone else of it." By my troth, I should have been a lawyer, so well forsooth do I argue out a point! Ugh! I hate everybody! How can I make someone unhappy? Ha! I have it! My enemy, Claudius Roach, is about to be married to the fair Lady Hero. I shall fascinate her with my handsome countenance and thus win her away from him. Then having her tender heart, I shall throw it away and make love to the Lady Beatrice, whom in truth I do admit to somewhat admire but not to love. How clever I am! Then forsooth, I may perhaps force my dear friend (?) Claudius his quietus to make with a bare bodkin and take a pleasant trip to the Everlasting Bonfire. Ah! Happy is he who is not troubled with a conscience! (Exit).

ACT II.

(A room in Lord Bug's mansion. Enter Don John, discovering Lady Hero).

DON JOHN—(twirling his mustache and rolling his eyes): Ahem! Milady, how fair thou art this beautiful moonlit night! You remind me of er—er—a beautiful flower blooming in the wilderness.

HERO—How now, Don John, is my father's house so lonesome that you call it a wilderness?

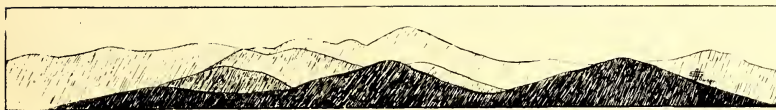
DON JOHN—Er—my fair flower, do not misread my mind. Thoughts are confused in a love sick brain. I have lost my heart! Can you divine who has it? Ah, can you divine?

HERO—(Amused): You must take someone's in return, else you could not live.

DON JOHN—Do I infer, fair dream, that I have your heart? Ah! By my troth, I knew you loved me! How could you help it? Dearest beloved, let us away from this place and be married. How happy I am!

(A sudden commotion from behind. Enter Claudius, Lord and Lady Bug).

CLAUDIUS—How now, what is't I hear? These fatal words imported to mine ears have wrought in my hitherto unsuspecting mind a chaos, a hell. Hero, fair traitress!—Thou, Don John—villain!—hast signed thy death warrant. Thou hast tried to win away my love and she, weak human, hast fallen a victim to thy false charms! Silence! (As Hero attempts to speak). Ah! Woe is me! Would that I might expire! To be or not to be, that is the question. To die, to sleep, perchance to dream, aye, there's the rub! I desire not to dream! Nay, by my troth, villain, thou shalt die. (Draws his sword and rushes at Don John, who steps gracefully behind the Lady Hero to shield himself; Lady Hero



receives the sword thrust and falls limply forward. Exit Don John).

CLAUDIUS—Alas! Fair Hero! Fallen thou art, and by my sword! Early death was thy bitter portion. Oh, weary life! How can I bear the whips and scorns of time? Fair Hero, thou art gone, but I follow thee. (Falls on his sword and dies).

LORD BUG—This is indeed sad! I will have to see about two coffins!

ACT III.

(A month later. Room in Lord Bug's mansion. Discover Lord and Lady Bug).

LORD BUG—You say she talks of Master Benedict in her sleep? Strange! Strange! She never could abide him.

LADY BUG—Step aside. Here she comes. (Enter Beatrice, walking in her sleep).

BEATRICE—Oh, Benedict, my beloved, why did I talk to thee thus? Sorrowful am I! All the waters of Arabia could never wash away the words I said in mine anger. Wilt thou ever forgive me? Out! Villain! Leave the house! To bed! To bed! Ohhh! (Exit).

LORD BUG—I infer she is in love with young Master Benedict. She is an obedient child. I have always wanted her to marry him.

LADY BUG—Methinks young Master Benedict does show some signs of love towards Beatrice, but being a proud young man, and remember-

ing his former peppery conversation, doth fear to approach her with friendly speech.

LORD BUG—I trow thou art right. True love, methinks, never runs smooth. But how of Don John? He seems to love Beatrice and doth continually prolong his visit. First i' faith 'twas a day longer; then a week longer; now, by my troth, he did just tell me a month longer.

LADY BUG—In truth I like not this Don John. He doth somehow wear on my good spirits. Methinks his face and manner but ill conceal a mean, deceitful mind.

LORD BUG—Tut! Tut! He is in all our guest and as such must be treated and spoken of. (Yawning). Methinks 'tis time for me to seek the rest that is to be found in sleep.

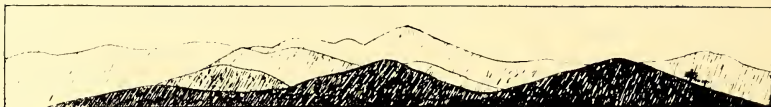
LADY BUG—'Tis as wise an idea as you have voiced this day. That will be a rest for us all.

ACT IV.

(A week later. Part of Lord Bug's courtyard. Enter Don John).

DON JOHN—Marry! I have put off making love to the fair Lady Beatrice too long. It seems she loves my dear friend (?) Benedict. But now 'twill be more entertaining to get his spleen aroused. These mortals are so easily led to jealousy. 'Tis one trait I have not! But soft! Here comes the fair Beatrice. Now for my revenge on Benedict.

BEATRICE — (entering): Oh, good even' to thee, Don John, methought you were my father.



DON JOHN—(rolling his eyes and twirling his mustache) Er—fair beauty, I thank thee for the proffered compliment. (Kneeling): Ah! Fair flower! How beautiful thou art this fine moon—er—sunlit afternoon, etc. (Conversation similar in tone to that in Act II. between Don John and Lady Hero).

(A sudden commotion behind. Enter Benedict, Lady and Lord Bug).

BENEDICT—(Rushing at Don John): Ha! Wicked villain, revenge is sweet! To thy death! May thy downward trip be as brief as thy stay will surely be long! Die! (Rushes at Don John, who glides gracefully behind Lady Bug, who, receiving the sword thrust, falls clumsily forward). Coward that thou art, thou think'st to defend thy miserable life behind a woman; but, by my troth, thou shalt die this time! (Rushes with drawn sword at Don John, who glides gracefully behind Lord Bug, who, receiving the thrust, falls heavily forward). Ye Gods! To think that a villain of this complexion lets the innocent receive his punishment; and methinks I shall be called the murderer of Lord and Lady Bug. But, villain, two escapes do not make a third. And now, thou son of Beelzebub, may the heat of thy future home be as great as that of

thy conscience must needs be! Die! (Rushes forward at Don John, who glides behind the Lady Beatrice, who, receiving the sword thrust, falls gracefully forward. (Exit Don John hastily). Benedict looks around. The villain has made good his escape, there being no other innocent person behind whom he may shield himself. Thus 'tis the wicked hides behind the virtuous, so much stronger and greater is the latter. Beatrice, with whom I fain would share life's portion, now is dead! Aye, gone forever! Why should I not kill myself ere crime's sharp arrow marks mine end? Cruel world! Sad life, farewell! (Falls on sword and dies).

ACT V.

(Same place a moment later. Enter Don John, smiling villainously).

DON JOHN—Adieu, fair Lady Beatrice! Lord and Lady Bug, adieu! Benedict, to thee I may, forsooth, say au revoir, sith methinks we shall meet again where our manner one to t'other cannot be cold sith there will be nowhere wherefrom to receive the sensation. But here's to hoping I see thee not yet for a good long time. After all, what fools these mortals be! (Exit Don John).



His Fren'

He follered me from school, I say,—
 But truly, I coaxed him all the way.
 Now, he ain't black, nor he ain't brown
 His ears, they almos' touch the groun'.
 But he's mighty nice when you want to
 play,—
 He's ready any time o' day.
 His nose is p'inted, his sense is soun',

He'll let you know if your enemy's
 aroun'.
 I've had him jest a year today,—
 I found him on the first o' May,
 And Gee! It's a mighty true fren' I foun'
 'Cause he's a regular, thoroughbred
 houn'.

A. E. TIPPING, Acad., '18.

Lycée Limericks

There is a young lady named Moran,
 Who will never agree to use Dorin;
 But her wit gave her fame,
 And now Sophie's her name,
 So Greek to her now is not foreign.

There is a young lady named Ann,
 Who is always so spic and so span
 That her skirts they do rustle
 When home she does hustle
 On Fridays with suit case in hand.

There is a young lady named Norma,
 And there never was one could reform
 her,

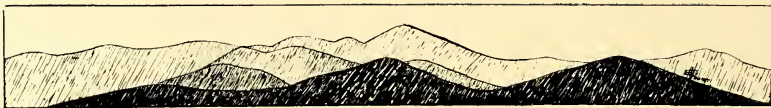
For she always would draw
 No matter who saw
 Till the doctor with "specks" did adorn
 her.

There is a young lady named Mary,
 Who of words is exceedingly chary,
 But when once it is loose
 Her temper's the "deuce,"
 So be careful to e'er keep her merry.

There is a young lady named Frances,
 As fantastic sylph ever prances.
 In a gay carefree way,
 Her charms she'll display,
 And extremeness her beauty enhances.



FRIDAY 1:00 P.M.



Read in Examination Papers

How was Athens governed?

Athens was governed by nine orphans and a Council of the Esophagus.

Quote ten lines from Longfellow's poems.

The ten lines chosen began with, "Be not like drums driving cattle."

Write a short description of Boston.

"Boston thinks it is the Hub of the Universe because it was the home of John L. Sullivan."

When Noah and his family came out

of the Ark, whom do you think made the laws to govern the family? asked a teacher who was trying to develop the idea of the beginning of laws and civil government.

"I know, I know," shouted a boy with deep conviction, "Noah's wife!"

What are carnivora?

They are festivals held in the South in February.

Who were the Fates?

They spun a kind of a string.

In the Springtime

In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

It was springtime.
They sat together
On a small bench
Under the mulberry tree,
Whose long, overhanging branches
Formed
An alluring nook
Secluded from the boisterous throng—
A gentle breeze
Stirred
The leaves
And wafted toward
The pair
A delicious perfume
Of
Violets from the garden borders—
In the distance
The majestic mountains
Vied with one another
To be
More
Marvelously purple—
The sky

Reflecting the first tints of
The descending
Sun
Was a wonder of glow.
They did not speak.
Only the puff
Of an occasional
Automobile
Broke the afternoon quiet—
The birds
Themselves seemed awed
Into silence

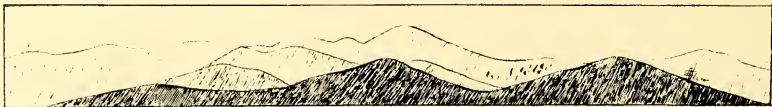
* * * *

Dusk began to fall
They lingered
Still,
Until:
"Oh, I simply can't
See
To read any more," Helen sobbed
Come on in, Madge—
We'll flunk
Anyway.



Statistics

The Prettiest Brunette.....	Katherine Erwin
The Prettiest Blonde.....	Virginia Randolph
The Handsomest.....	Isabel Amorous
The Sweetest.....	Adeline Manning
The Cutest.....	Anne Williams
The Kindest.....	Margaret Blum
The Neatest.....	Elizabeth Merrimon
The Most Intelligent.....	Agnes Gibson
The Frenchiest.....	Frances Artz
The Brightest.....	Margaret Mitchell
The Most Attractive.....	Adeline Manning
The Most Stylish.....	Margaret Mitchell
The Most Generous.....	Margaret Blum
The Most Popular.....	Adeline Manning
The Most Polite.....	Isabel Cooke
The Most Practical.....	Dorothy Moran
The Most Amiable.....	Margaret Blum
The Most Graceful.....	Dorothy Sluder
The Most Serious.....	Mercita Hornsby
The Most Reliable.....	Margaret Blum
The Most Affectionate.....	Janice Amorous
The Most Sentimental.....	Clementine Gohn
The Best Athlete.....	Anne Williams
The Best All Round Girl.....	Peggy Dickerman
The Best Authoress.....	Caroline Wells
The Best Musician.....	Elizabeth Hendricks
The Best Artist.....	Norma Stewart
The Best Student.....	Marion King
The Best Natured.....	Margaret Blum



As We See Us

Oh, we're the jolly juniors,
And a splendid class are we.
We always know our lessons,
And we're clever as can be.

We speak French just like natives,
(Of what I will not say)
And as for writing poetry,
Why, we do that every day.

We never miss in English,
It's easy from the start.
And Literature is nothing—
We know it all by heart.

Geometry is simple,
We always get it right.
And as for dear old Cicero,
We read him off at sight.

And when 'tis time for finals,
We never, never fear.
We always pass with honors,
At the end of every year.

PEGGY DICKERMAN, Acad., '18.

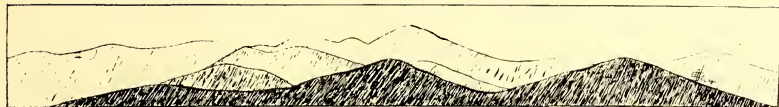
Ode to A Zoo Zoo

(With all apologies to poetry).

How many nickels have been spent for
you
O ever spicy and cheap zoo zoo!
You and your trade-mark—cute little
clown—
Are a reliable remedy for the school
girls' frown.
Your ginger makes us lively,
Your snap it gives us zest,

At noonday or at midnight
You're an always welcome guest.
Round is your form, Brown is your coat
If school girls had the ballot
Zoo zoo would get the vote.
We like you at lunch and at tea time—
We like you all the day through—
We like you even at dances
And Orchestras like you too.





Miscellaneous

How often have I twined my arms
thee!

How often have I gone to thee in vain!
How often have I stood before thee
waiting!

And hoping thou wouldst ease my cold
and pain,—

Alas! a frigid touch, a cheerless welcome
That brings no loving warmth into my
heart!

O wretch! O silent thing, devoid of
mercy,

My radiator—cruel that thou art.

Madame—Give the three forms of
architecture.

Brilliant Pupil—Doric, Tambic, and
didactic.

Lycée Student (to freshman during a
thunderstorm)—Aimez-vous les éclairs?

Newcomer (with bright look of com-
prehension)—Oh, I'm crazy about choc-
olate ones.

M. M.—I hope you are reading
something that will do you good, Rosa-
lind.

Rosalind—Yes, Madame, the Perils
of Pauline, to make me more cautious.

Frances (on a hot day)—I'm simply
burning up.

Margaret B.—Don't boil so far
ahead, dear.

The following conversation was over-
heard on an Asheville street car:

Jones—Old boy, if it keeps on, your
hair will be white in a few years.

Brown—Well, I don't mind about the
color, if it keeps on.

Teacher—Evelyn, define a blotter.

Evelyn—it's the thing you look for
while the ink gets dry.

Coollest heads climb highest on step-
ladders. —Miss Grady.

They are welcome, short and tall,
But the most welcome of them all
Is the Mail Man. —College.

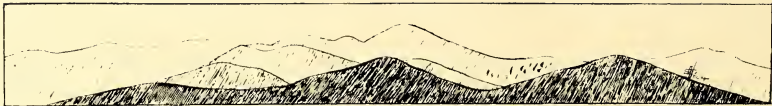
Hic, Haec, Hoc, Broke, Broke, Broke.
—Our Mutual Sentiments.

Half a sock, half a sock, covered with
holes.

Half a mark, half a mark, Janice was
told. —Sewing Teacher.

Distance lends enchantment to . . .
Exams.

Though vanquished, she will argue
still. —C. Wells.



A lamentable tune is the sweetest
music to a woful mind. —Music Club.

They can draw beauty with a single
hair. —Art Club.

May thy shadow never grow less!
—G. Sweeney.

When lessons come, they come not
single, but in battalions. —Seniors.

A friend in need is a friend indeed.
—Treasurer of Entertainment Committee.

I call the living, I mourn the dead, I
wake up the sleeping. —Bell.

He is still faithful to Uncle Sam.
—Wilson.

Each matin Bell, the girls have said,
Calls us back to the world from a comfortable bed. —The Girls.

She that ruleth the roost is in the
kitchen. —Ida.

He who steals my purse, steals trash.
—Helen Gad since Jan. 1, 1917.

Anne—Do you believe in Prepared-
ness?

Mary—Well, I don't think it's bad to
be in arms.

Senior—Why is it, Helen, that I al-
ways catch you in other girls' rooms?

Helen—Because you don't knock loud
enough.





We're going.



Two in one.



Between heaven and earth.
on rope fire-escape.



We study on the campus.



A Welcome Visitor.



Le Collège se distingue.



The post has come.



En ville.



Animal Friends.



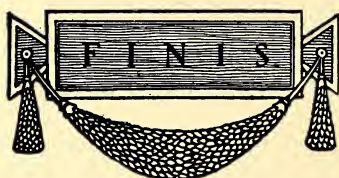
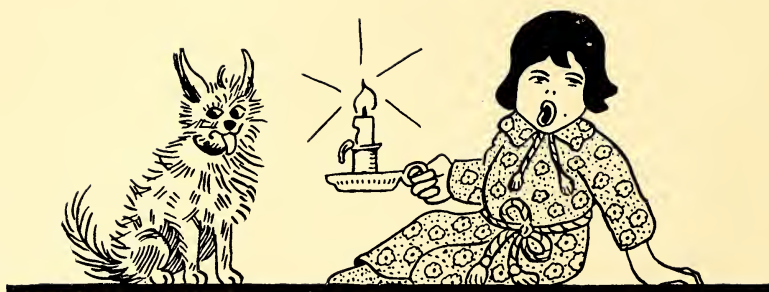
Where there's a will
there's a way.



A microscopic view.



The best way out.



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FINE TABLE LUXURIES



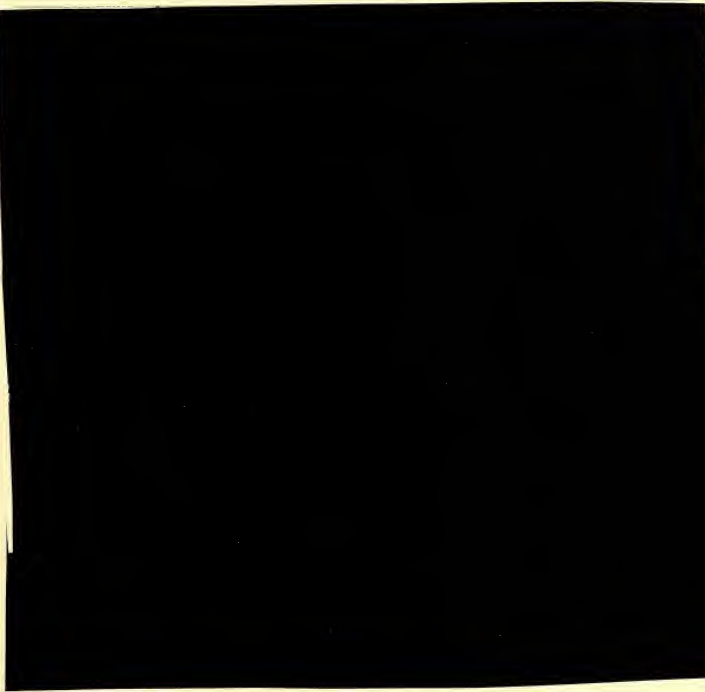
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